

P O E M S

O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

By E L I Z A R E E V E S.

D E D I C A T E D (B Y P E R M I S S I O N)

T O H I S G R A C E

The D U K E of M A N C H E S T E R.

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P R I N T E D F O R T H E A U T H O R :

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	23,		2,		who,		whom.
	27,		15,		dormes,		domes.
	27,		6,		shed,		shade.
	29,		12,		claims,		charms.
	51,		19,		command,		commend.
	53,		9,		sustain,		support.
	79,		12,		eye,		eyes.
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	92,		13,				fav'rite.
	102,		1,		beauty,		beauty's.
	102,		4,		smile,		smiles.
	128,		10,				no more by worldly wrongs.
	142,		4,		he,		be oppress.
	144,		15,		sooth,		calm.
	164,		12,		thus,		those.
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	179,		4,		useless,		ceaseless.
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	187,		16,				I thank <i>thee</i> Heav'n !
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T O

H I S G R A C E

T H E

DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

My LORD DUKE,

AT a period when the welfare of this Country may demand your closest attention, and an exertion of every ability, I cannot but feel myself particularly honoured by the generous support your Grace has given to my Work.---It is but seldom, my Lord, that we behold the lustre of public duties blended with an attention to the lesser interests of society.

An

An able Statesman, a real Patriot, or a General of superior talents form characters which may excite respect and admiration. but when Justice, Benevolence, and Humanity, unite with great abilities, the dignity of the human mind shines forth with redoubled lustre. In an age which daily produces works of taste and learning, your Grace's protection has given me fortitude to persevere in an attempt where diffidence of success might otherwise have checked my pen.---I own myself ambitious to excel, and have realized my highest wishes, in your Grace's condescending approbation.

I am, my LORD,

Your GRACE's most dutiful,

And most devoted,

Humble Servant,

ELIZA REEVES.

T O

H E R G R A C E

T H E

DUCHESS of MANCHESTER.

IF ever condescension was misplac'd,
On humble bards by judgment, wit, and taste;
Ah! Deign with kind indulgence to peruse,
The artless numbers of an infant Muse.
O'er each dull page let hood-wink'd Justice sleep,
And mercy one eternal vigil keep:

Never can kind Compassion want a plea,
 Her gentle feelings center all in thee.
 If that the lines in plaintive measures move,
 They flow from sorrow, friendship, and from love ;
 And if one tedious sameness tinge the whole ;
 'Tis, that of all one passion is the soul.
 If they are not correct, 'tis less like art,
 The Muse should speak the language of the heart :
 Want they poetic fire, or lofty stile,
 I'll climb Parnassus, if you deign to smile ;
 Exulting bear to earth Euterpe's lyre,
 And emulate a strain you may admire.

P O E M S.

T H E

P O W E R O F G O L D.

MAMMON---despotic King---how great thy sway!
Thy nod resistless---all Mankind obey.

Love, Honour, Friendship, deaf to Virtue's call,
Before thy shrine, with rev'ence prostrate fall!

Thy glitt'ring beam, warms the pale Coward's heart,
And barbs, with deadly ills, the Soldier's dart.

Great Chymist of the mind! thou canst transmute
Nature's pure metal, 'till it forms a brute.

Hail, Tyrant of Mankind! behold thy train!

Behold the emblems of thy hellish reign!

Around thy throne, how many woes attend;

A faithless lover, or pretended friend,

The breaking heart desert, and follow thee
 Where 'erc thou lead'ft---nor shrinks at infamy.
 Next comes the Ruffian, with remorseless hand,
 To murder nerv'd by thy accurs'd command.
 From Heav'n outcast, from Hell thy birth arose,
 From whose dark womb, each human misery flows.
 Whole kingdoms wear thy fell-destructive chain,
 And Freedom's Sons become a servile train.
 Yet boast not, foe to man, thy baneful force;
 A Pow'r, yet greater, stops thy rapid course.
 Death spurs those glitt'ring baits mankind admire,
 And spite of thee, thy fav'rite sons expire.
 In vain you bribe, the awful King defies!
 And all thy splendor ends in---HERE HE LIES!

A D V E R S I T Y.

ADVERSITY! sage tutor of the mind,
 Thou best instructor of the human heart,
 Before thy shrine with awe I bend! and though
 Unfought thy all-terrific form, hard thy
 Lessons, and severe thy mien; yet, Oh! what
 Thy benefits! what sure rewards await
 Thy heav'n-sent precepts! To thee we owe the
 Honest medium, through which we view the
 Imperfect joys of human life. It is
 Thy friendly microscopic pow'r alone
 Explores the num'rous thorns which lie conceal'd
 Beneath its purest blessings, for he who
 Clasps a blessing, clasps a woe. Too late the
 Fatal truth we own, or who would rest, or
 Build, upon the rotten base of earthly
 Blifs? Thy meagre shape no gaudy drap'ry

Conceals, to cheat the gazing eye---but thou,
 Like modest Virtue, step'st aside, and scorn'st
 To mingle with the giddy throng. Few are
 The votarys which grace her train or thine,
 Though both alike the common friend of man.

When deaf to Virtue's gentle precepts, the
 Heart, supine, lulled by the syren voice
 Of Ease and Pleasure, rich libations
 Offer at their crouded shrines : Thou, her bright
 Sister angel ! dost appear, shake the proud
 Temple to its trembling base, and with thy
 Sable wand put'st all the herd of wanton
 Priests to flight, and to the scatt'ring winds in
 Atoms tear'st the gaudy veil which hid their
 Black deformity, strik'st from the 'nervate
 Hand the fascinating rosy bowl, and
 Call'st each slumbering virtue back to life.
 Teaching the mind fair truth, knowledge of worth
 Inestimable, and value far 'bove

Mortal

Mortal price. But while kind fortune gaily
 Smiles, and highly waves her purple mantle
 Round, caught by the splendid scene, we follow
 Pleasure's soft bewitching voice ; while the broad
 Glittering shield of gay Prosperity,
 Repels misfortunes sharpest darts, and veils
 The suffering wretch from Pleasure's laughing
 Eye, and drowns the cry of supplicating
 Woe, bright Reason calls in vain ! she starts, and
 Flies indignant from that hedious fight,
 A harden'd human heart. Oh Heav'n ! say why
 Is Wisdom and Affliction one ? soft
 Pleasure's mingl'd hues obscure bright Virtue's ray ;
 And as the cheating glow-worm leads by night
 The unwary traveller on to death
 And desolation, so strays the mind
 Forlorn, when she forsakes her post. While our
 Flatt'ring passions conspire to aid the
 Fatal error, and nought but thy approach,
 ADVERSITY, can break the fatal sleep,

And

And guide us to some less deceiving, though
 More limited perspective.---All hail ! thou
 Friend of man, ADVERSITY ! All hail ! thou
 Test of friendship, and thou test of love ! thou
 Cool unbias'd judge ! thou fire celest'al !
 Which tries the human heart, its native worth
 Assays, and ascertains its rectitude,
 Or base alloy ; and rich reward bestows,
 If sterling found. Thou art the friend of truth !
 Duty's criterion, and the guiding
 Star of soft compassion. 'Tis by thy
 Aid, the parent eye explores the strength of
 Filial love ! parental fondness proves
 Its force as woes encrease, and love when on
 Fair Virtue founded, by thee assailed,
 Displays its heav'nly essence ! while Friendship
 Owes her richest honors to thy hand. Thine
 Is her sacred, favourite hour!---when no
 Gay tinsel pomp allures the eye---when pale
 Disease has blighted Nature's bloom---when the

Warm

Warm sun of gay Prosperity no more
 Resplendent shines---when temporary friends,
 The transient gaudy insects of a
 Summer gale, that sport and flutter in the
 Beam of prosp'rous Life, unpitying fly,
 And leave the suff'ring heart to fight alone,
 And range at large the rugged wilds of woe:
 When pale-eyed Melancholy, with pangs
 Acute, heaves high the throbbing heart---when from
 Th'averted eye the tear of woe bedews
 The pallid cheek---when clouds o'ercast the sun
 Of life's bright morn---when pale meagre Want, with
 Ghastly look, strikes terror through the breast, late
 Lull'd upon the downy lap of laughing
 Plenty---when dying Friend's quick short'ning sighs,
 Shake Nature's strongest nerve---when long painful
 Absence from a kindred heart, spreads a dark
 Shade o'er the once sparkling eye, and dims each
 Gleam of joy, ploughing deep furrows on the
 Once smooth brow: In these dread hours, 'tis Friendship's
 Most

Most delightful task, to cheer with radiant
 Beam the weeping eye : Her penetrating
 Sight explores the inmost chambers of the
 Soul ; the secret grief which honest Pride would
 Fain conceal, and bares with tender touch the
 Festering wound ; and from the trembling heart
 Extracts the barbed shaft, which rankled there.
 Eager she flies to share or wipe the tear
 Of anguish, from the pallid, woe-worn cheek :
 The dulcet music of her voice is, to
 The listening quicken'd ear of painful
 Apprehension, harmony divine !
 Lulls ev'ry care to sleep, and to the heart,
 Long harass'd by despair, speaks hope and rest :
 While at her side her soft-eyed handmaid,
 Pity waits ; and with her bright help-mate, quick
 Sensibility, unasked, bestow
 The balmy tear, and with their chearing smiles
 Irradiate the gloom ; nor e're insult
 The humbled heart, with pride low-minded, or

Or illiberal scorn, keen reproach, or
 Contumelious sneer : These are thy sweet,
 Thy godlike fruits, Adversity, thou kind
 Celestial maid !

Then why does human nature shrink at thy
 Approach, since it is thou alone giv'st birth to
 Fair Sincerity ? To Flatt'ry thou
 Art a deadly foe : Thy powerful arm tears
 Off the thin disguise which veils the treach'rous
 Selfish heart, and bares the envious soul
 To open day : Safe from the midnight steel,
 Which arms the ruffians murd'rous hand, in
 Soft security thy children sleep ; pale
 Envy, even from thy shadow flies, and
 In her place soft Pity reigns triumphant.
 Without thy friendly aid grave Schoolmen teach,
 In vain, the vanity of human life,
 And theory of Resignation,
 Wisdom most divine !

But by thy all-convincing precepts taught,
 Soon we reduce to practice all their rules
 Austere ; our boist'rous passions all
 Are tun'd to peace, and humbly bend to heaven's
 High will.---Shall man then dare to execrate
 Thy power, since the omniscient hand
 And just gradations of Almighty
 Will, directs thy salutary rod, and
 Fits mankind for endless bliss above ?

ODE for LYSANDER's Birth Day.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE round the chearful board with festive mirth,
 Each grateful heart salutes the happy day
 Which boasts the honor of Lysander's birth ;
 The lyre of friendship tunes its sacred lay.---

A I R.

Health with rosy bloom advance,
 Guiltless joy and jocund dance :
 Love sincere thy blifs impart,
 Haste to glad Lyfander's heart.

II.

Friendship virtuous ! unconfin'd,
 Shield from vice his lib'ral mind :
 Plenty all thy blessings show'r,
 Peace and honor crown each hour.

III.

Ev'ry blessing mortals know,
 May great Jove on him bestow !
 Ev'ry act may heav'n approve,
 All below admire and love.

RECITATIVE.

The mighty Jove! indignant heard the pray'r,
 Jealous a mortal should the muse employ ;
 But viewing straight the wond'rous youth with care,
 Nodded assent, and promis'd endless joy.

On SOLITUDE.

HAIL Solitude! unenvy'd path to Heav'n!
 Whose soothing gloom, whose peaceful seats were giv'n,
 A refuge from a world of care and pain :
 Thou art my choice, with thee would I remain.
 Though no high-beating joys possess thy shade,
 No heart-felt ills thy sacred bounds invade :
 Pride, vice and folly fly thy hallow'd shrine,
 While innocence and calm content are thine!

Expand

Expand thine arms and snatch me to thy breast,
 Give what the world denies, oh ! give me rest ;
 Safe in thy pure embrace my woes will cease,
 And all my future days shall smile in peace.

The ADVICE to ALONZO.

WOULDST thou, my friend, deserve the smiles of fate;
 Wouldst thou be happy ! aim not to be great.
 Custom despise whene'er she seeks to move
 Thy soul to deeds which reason can't approve.
 Seek pleasure only thro' such paths as lead
 To Virtue's fane ! there may'st thou ever feed
 On the rich banquet of pure self-applause,
 Nor find the Goddess careless of thy cause.
 To all her vot'ries she makes rich returns,
 If round her shrine their grateful incense burns.

Fortune condemn, her brightest gifts disclaim,
 E'er to her smiles you sacrifice fair fame ;

With

With great if worthless men, no friendship seek,
 Nor tinge with shame thy yet unblushing cheek.
 Consult with reason on each great design,
 Resolve with care, it is true wisdom's sign,
 With spirit execute, the prize is thine!

Where modest merit pines in hopeless woe,
 There share thy store, thy gen'rous care bestow :
 Bid not alone the fainting body live,
 Nor with stern looks debase whate'er you give :
 The tear of Pity proves a healing balm,
 And gentle accents, sharpest sorrows calm.
 If Charity, bright attribute of heav'n !
 Direct thy steps, may all to thee be giv'n
 That youth, that beauty, love and friendship bring,
 And honor bear thee on her Eagle wing !
 Far from each danger, may thy fate decree
 The path, unerring Wisdom marks for thee.

O D E to S L E E P.

R E C I T A T I V E.

COME, gentle Sleep! thou temporary peace,
 And calm my troubled breast;
 Where pangs unnumber'd, ev'ry hour encrease,
 And leave no hopes of rest.
 The silent hour of night no comfort knows,
 Nor breaks the morn but to augment my woes.

A I R.

In vain you touch the trembling strings,
 With sweet ^{est} Lydian art;
 In vain soft pleasure spreads her wings,
 To cheer the grief worn heart.
 In vain the tabors sprightly sound,
 The mazy dance invite:
 In vain bright Phebus beams around,
 Still, still, 'tis dreary night!

R E C I T A T I V E.

Short gleams of hope, to awful fears succeed,
 Come, Morpheus, calm with thy friendly pow'r;
 Without thee, night does but affliction feed,
 And direful horrors fill the midnight hour.

A I R.

Haste ling'ring God, my pray'er attend,
 Thy sable mantle spread !
 Thy magic rod a moment lend,
 With poppies bind my head.

II.

In tranquil slumber drown my woes,
 Drive phantoms far away :
 My weeping eyes in pity close,
 Since joy has fled the day.

SOLIQUEY,

SOLILOQUY, on being awakened by the Tolling of a Bell.

AH me! what awful sound now sudden wakes
 My slumb'ring sense? Its solemn tone proclaims
 Death's sad tremendous victory---Hah! it
 Strikes again---and strikes my trembling soul with
 Full conviction of its certain flight,
 To that tribunal, where it must receive
 Its just irrevocable doom---Again!
 It loud proclaims a soul releas'd by heav'n's
 Indulgent call from mortal woe. Listen,
 Ye vain! ye gay, attend the friendly voice
 Of your best monitor---the voice of Death---
 It speaks that pleasing truth---that ALL MUST DIE!
 Though awful, pleasing to the troubled soul.
 Ah, again! it strikes another pang through
 The survivors trembling hearts. Perhaps the

Parent, or parental friend, has ceas'd to
 Cherish and instruct the unwary mind,
 Now left expos'd to all the baleful
 Influence of a guilty world, without
 A guide, or careful hand, to snatch it from
 The gaping gulph of vice, or shew the asp
 Which lies concealed beneath the flowers,
 Which, blooming, decorate its fatal brink.
 Perhaps Misfortune's heir, no one to shield
 Its helpless age from chilling Poverty's
 Ruder grasp? While Infancy, unmindful
 Of its mighty loss, sports smiling round the
 Bier, and innocently thinks its lifeless
 Parent sleeps; and nought excites its wonder,
 But the clay-cold touch, from which its little
 Hand shrinks back appall'd---or else, ah, me! in
 The heart-trying, this dark afflictive hour,
 The parent mourns his disappointed hope,
 Fond airy fancy, form'd of filial
 Aid; th' apparent safest prop of feeble

Age, which dawning Virtue fair, veiling Death's
Sharp scythe, had promis'd to the parent breast.

What shrieks of horror! Ah, 'tis a mother's
Voice! Hark! in frantic agonies, which shake
The base of piety and sense, she calls
Her child---close to her breaking heart, clasps the
Pale lifeless form, where late the rosy smile
Of innocence, triumphant reign'd on the
Dimpled cheek of blooming youth---Cold he lies!
No more his heav'n illumin'd eye, reflects
The fond, the raptured parent's look of
Love ineffable! That cheek, where late the
Rose in native beauty glow'd, Death's icy
Breath bedews! Oh Fortune! Life! how false thy
Promises! thy gifts, how few! how insecure!
Each hour pale Disappointment smiles at thy
Delusive joys, swift as the morning cloud
They pass away; glitter, and disappear,
Like early dew.

Perhaps

Perhaps he sleeps? Ah, no! he is gone! for
 Ever gone!--she raves! her mournful plaints shrill
 Vibrate on my ear, speak all her pangs, and
 Pierce my sympathizing heart. While each wild
 Speechless agony---contracted brow, and
 Eye-balls fixt upon the closing lid, love,
 Grief, and horror, utter above the reach
 Of words, 'till grown too mighty for her breast,
 Anguish bursts forth indignant--He's gone! she
 Cries, torn in the bloom of youth, from each fond
 Careful heart, from each delighted, gazing
 Eye---Stop! stay, ye fable ministers of
 Death's flow pageantry---Oh, stay! stay, while I
 Snatch one look, one last embrace, e'er yet you
 Tear the lovely ruin from these eyes for
 Ever, and make the dark, the clay-cold grave,
 Supply the warm embraces of a mother's
 Arms!--But, ah! they hear her not: Daily to
 Scenes of woe inur'd, their adamantine
 Hearts are steel'd to soft compassion's plea.

Unmov'd,

Unmov'd, they bear her treasure off! she calls
 In vain---speech dies upon her faltering tongue---
 Her beating heart at once lies still---she faints!
 Blest interval! kind pause from misery!
 A short suspension from such pangs as
 Time, that pow'ful lenitive, alone can
 Cure.

Or the grim Tyrant---deaf, regardless of
 A fond Lover's prayer, perhaps enfolds
 Within his icy arms, with greedy grasp,
 A form, late glowing with fair health, and where
 Each grace shone forth with lustre heavenly
 Bright! and beauty reign'd with sway unrivall'd!
 Where the soft modest eye, with conscious
 Virtue beaming, told her boundless, blameless
 Love! no more she hears his ardent vows of
 Everlasting truth, or flatters with her
 Smiles, a lover's fondest hopes! his sighs no
 More are heard!---celestial joys alone
 Engage her mounting soul! her native heav'n

Demands its own, and weds her spotless heart
 To everlasting bliss, which it beheld
 Too tender to have borne the ruder force
 Of adverse life's tumultuous waves.

But, ah ! what words can paint, or thought conceive,
 The pangs which rend the widow'd breast ? transfixt,
 She stands the image of despair ! while to
 Her trembling knees her weeping infants cling,
 As if already conscious of her
 Sole support ;---from heart to heart swiftly the
 Sad contagion flies, for genuine grief
 Contaminates ; domestic order fled ;
 Confusion reigns in every face ;
 While tears fill every late attentive
 Eye. Mute, round the chamber of despair, they
 Wait at awful distance, and, silent, o'er
 The lovely mourner, watch ; but sad, severe,
 Rememb'rance soon recalls her torpid sense
 To feelings most acute, and points each pang

Anew.

Anew. Where now the kind protector of
 Her fame, her welfare, and her joys? who now
 Shall shield her from the Oppressor's hand, and
 Guide her helpless orphans infant steps? that
 Heart, which all her little arts to please, so
 Late delighted, now no longer beats to
 Joys connubial; the pure untainted
 Bliss of wedded love. Those lips, whose gentle
 Accents sooth'd each anxious hour, are clos'd
 For ever! Those eyes which sparkled on their
 Bridal morn with joy extatic, are veil'd
 By Death's impervious night.---That voice whose
 Magic sound, thrill'd all her soul with joy, no
 Longer greets her listening ear; but ah!
 Where now the hand, which earned for her and
 For her infants bread? Languid and cold it
 Lies, nor can her eager grasp and scalding
 Tears, restore the slacken'd nerves elastic
 Pow'r.---Stretch'd by her yet lov'd Lord she lies, nor
 Will resign him to his last abode; her

Widow,
d

Widow'd bed the tomb of all her joys, she
 Views with frantic eye---and wearies heaven
 With fruitless pray'rs---half excerations
 Mingled with each sigh, till quite exhausted
 Nature claims her sway; her gentle spirits
 Sink beneath its pow'r. Nor long her bosom
 Such sharp pangs endures, the chain once broke which
 Bound two kindred hearts---the solitary
 Mate not long sustains the painful absence.
 Kind heav'n beckons to the blest abode, and
 Re-unites them in eternal blifs! no
 More to dread nor feel the worst of human
 Ills, the afflictive parting pang.

The C H A P L E T.

W HILE bees sip nectar from the rose,
 And Zephyrs court my swain's repose,

Beneath

Beneath the woodbine shade ;
 I'll twine a Chaplet for his brows,
 Of ev'ry lovely flow'r that grows,
 By nature fragrant made.

The myrtle's never-fading green,
 With laurel wove each branch between,
 My lasting truth shall prove :
 While jess'min's virgin whiteness shows,
 How pure the source from whence it flows,
 And paints my spotless love.

Sleep on, lov'd youth, while I prepare
 This wreath, to bind thy flowing hair
 In nature's lovely band :
 So may our hearts united be,
 If so much bliss is meant for me,
 When I receive thy hand.

On H O P E.

OFFSPRING of heav'n ! thou faithful friend of man !
 In pity, when creation first began,
 By the all-bounteous hand was't given,
 To smoothe our passage to the plains of heav'n !
 All hail, thou sun of human life ! bright ray !
 Which kindly guides us thro' the dreary way ;
 Where woe, the native lot of all mankind,
 In dreadful shapes, assail the firmest mind.

Sustain'd by thee, we resolutely bear
 The worst of ills, and triumph o'er despair :
 Onward we chearful bound, nor look behind,
 Like fearful infants, on whose ductile mind,
 The tale impress'd of horrid spectres near,
 In shadows see a train of ghosts appear.
 While labouring thro' life's devious way,
 Thy soothing voice beguiles the ling'ring day ;

Some fair perspective opens to our view,
 By thee still strengthen'd we the toil renew ;
 The pris'ners chain grows slack, awhile he is free,
 No state so wretched but finds ease with thee.

Thro' dark damp cells thy chearing rays are spread,
 And comfort gives to poverty's bleak shed :
 Thy friendly presence breaks the wintry gloom,
 And paints the pallid cheek with rosy bloom ;
 Converts to down the sick man's irksome bed,
 And smooths the pillow for his aking head.
 No change of fortune drives thee from thy post,
 Thy anchor parts not, though the vessel's tost :
 While bursting clouds fair nature's face deform,
 You brave the thunder, and outride the storm.
 Unlike the world, from gilded dormes you fly,
 Nor friendly visits to low roofs deny ;
 Where oft high worth and suff'ring virtue pine
 In black despair, 'till rous'd by HOPE DIVINE !

Oh, godlike herald of eternal rest !
 Thou faithful inmate of the throbbing breast !
 Oh, leave me not, still grant thy tender care,
 Direct my steps to heav'n, nor quit me there.

On hearing the Rev. Mr. Wheatley's Lectures upon Rhetoric.

HAIL Rhetoric ! heaven-born art, all hail !

I bend before thy shrine ;
 O'er ev'ry heart, thy god-like pow'rs prevail,
 With influence divine !
 Vice trembling falls beneath thy honest force,
 And owns fair Virtue's charms ;
 While Charity, awaken'd by thy voice,
 The coldest bosom warms.
 Perish the tongue that dares profane thy laws,
 Which heav'n in pity gave,
 To plead on earth the suffering wretches cause,
 And temp'rally to save.

Virgil's fam'd hero all our wonder moves,
 By thee great Wh---y's fung ;
 Fresh beauties spring in Eden's happy groves,
 From thy emphatic tongue.
 Man's guiltless state and blifs, when told by you,
 Our flumb'ring faith revives ;
 And each fair scene the wond'rous Milton drew,
 In thy juft accent lives :
 Fam'd Spencer's labour'd allegoric lays,
 Thy genius renders clear,
 Each period crowns the Poet's urn with bays,
 And claims th'attentive ear.
 Could Cataline arife from earth's recess,
 To wait Rome's dread decree :
 His guilty foul, affrighted, would confefs,
 Her Cicero in thee.

L E S B I A.

IN Lesbia's form no beauties shine,
 The Lover's heart to bind ;
 Yet Lesbia boasts of charms divine !
 The graces of the mind.

Love, virtue, friendship, there reside,
 Whose pow'r can ne'er decay ;
 While beauty, in its highest pride,
 But blooms and dies away.

To Captain Sir HYDE PARKER,
 Commander of his Majesty's ship Phoenix.

WHILE Albion's grateful sons await the day,
 The well earn'd tribute of applause to pay ;
 The raptur'd Muse on swifter wings must soar,
 To hail her hero on the hostile shore ;
 Nor winds, nor waves, restrain her rapid wing ;
 Louder than both, thy praise she flies to sing !
 In sounds heroic, each bold deed display'd,
 The foe shall wonder, and shrink back dismay'd.
 Not fam'd Æneas, when the frantic dame
 His fleet devoted to the vengeful flame,

More dauntless brav'd the angry Juno's hate,
 Than thou the raging battle's doubtful fate.
 When hostile fires did thy fair bark furround,
 And death or conquest hung suspended round;
 Thy god-like courage fir'd thy hardy crew,
 They fought for Albion, and they fought for you.
 Secure alike of Albion's thanks and thine,
 Whose gen'rous voice did ne'er their praise confine.
 Propitious! in her car, Bellona came,
 Thy *Phoenix* rose still brighter thro' the flame:
 Rude Neptune smil'd, and still'd the raging sea,
 And Mars confess'd his fav'rite son in thee!
 So stood the Goddess born in that dread hour,
 When the blue light'ning, and the thunders roar,
 Hurl'd destruction on the Hero's head,
 And every human aid and hope seem'd fled:
 Go on, brave Hyde! each hostile band disarm,
 And may the Gods, with ev'ry potent charm,
 Circle thy brow, secure from death or harm:

Whose

Whose boundless courage knew no selfish laws,
 When rous'd in Brunswick and Britannia's cause.
 Guard Empress of the sea thy godlike son!
 Long let him wear the laurels bravely won,
 May Liberty her sacred ardor lend,
 Achilles' shield thy gen'rous breast defend,
 And Vict'ry still upon thy steps attend,
 While British annals shall record thy fame,
 And future hero's glow at Parker's name!
 Domestic joys shall thy soft moments crown,
 And virtue's sacred fruits be all thy own.

O D E.

AT dawn of day where Phœbus bright!

Salutes the hills around:

The feather'd race thro'out the grove,

Awake their mates with songs of love,

And fleecy lambkin bound.

II.

All nature hails returning day !

The lark on mounting wing :
While op'ning flow'rs perfume the gale,
Embroid'ring all the verdant vale,
And marks the approach of spring.

III.

But man of all the mortal race,
Awakes to toil and woe,
Contending wishes rack his mind,
In vain he seeks that peace to find,
Which humbler beings know.

IV.

Say what's the cause of all our ills,
While man heav'n's care employs ?
'Tis pride and fell ambition's pow'r,
Disturbs his peace, corrodes each hour,
And human bliss destroys.

EXTEMPORE, on hearing that the French King
had given Capt. WINDSOR his Sword and
Parole to attend Admiral KEPPEL's Trial.

WHEN Gallia's King, Britannia's foe,

Was told brave Keppel's fate ;

See him with gen'rous anger glow,

And rise supremely great !

“ Brave Windsor go, thy sword receive,

To Britain haste thy way,

Thy brave, thy injur'd friend relieve,

Let shame his foes repay :

Let thy firm soul no interest bind,

To fail a noble cause ;

No country claims a gen'rous mind,

No foe with-holds applause.

Be thine the deed to burst the cloud,

Which veils the hero's fame,

While Gallia mourns his wrongs aloud,

And trembles at his name.”

AN INVOCATION TO TRUTH.

COME, white-robed Truth, celestial maid !

And here thy heavenly influence shed,
No more shall errors dark, the soul invade,
O'er which thy all radiant shield is spread.

II.

Far from thy blest abode shall falshood fly,
And with reluctant steps to hell retire ;
While light from thee, shall beam on ev'ry eye,
And warm each bosom with seraphic fire !

III.

Daughter of God ! oh haste, angelic fair !
And lead me safe thro' life's uncertain way,
Its num'rous ills instruct me calm to bear,
And guide my soul to heav'n's unclouded day.

PARAPHRASE, on Part of the 119th PSALM, 73d Verse.

FORM'D by thy hand, Lord! give me grace
To keep thy sacred word!
So shall all they who seek thy face,
Approve with one accord.

II.

Oh God! thy judgments are most just,
Tho' fore they wound the heart:
Comfort thou giv'st to those who trust,
Nor from thy laws depart.

III.

With rev'rence thy commands I view,
They fill my soul with joy;
In vain the proud my steps pursue,
Thy laws my thoughts employ.

Sweet is the converse which I taste,

With those who own thy sway ;

Oh ! keep my faith for ever fast,

And guide me in thy way.

The A D M O N I T I O N .

LORENZO ! heedless, erring youth, attend,
 Nor spurn the dictates of a faithful friend ;
 Hear Virtue's voice, revere her sacred form !
 Obey her precepts, what she bids, perform !
 With heedful steps, be careful lest you stray
 Thro' paths, where guilty pleasures lead the way ;
 Ah ! fly those myrtle groves and rosy bow'rs,
 Which fancy decks with sweet bewitching flow'rs ;
 Where fyren pleasure seems for thee to wear
 Eternal smiles, and leaves no room for care.
 Beneath their sweets the snake in ambush lies,
 And wounds, unseen, by man's deluded eyes.

Gay scenes of folly eager we pursue,
 Blind to those ills that terminate the view.
 For this, unthinking youth all arts employ,
 Tho' keen remorse succeeds to guilty joy.

But from fair Virtue ! blifs unclouded springs,
 She bears the smiling hours on purple wings ;
 Her pow'rful fhield from fatal ills defend,
 And rofy health her peaceful steps attend ;
 No gloomy thoughts disturb the tranquil night,
 But from reflection riles new delight ;
 No longer then thy native worth conceal,
 Nor let deceitful joys, true blessings steal,
 Those clouds which veil thy inborn virtue chace,
 And prove thy heart as faultlefs as thy face.
 Pleasure, when reason guides, true joys impart,
 While woes unnumber'd wring the vicious heart ;
 Then Vice, with all her train of ills, difmifs,
 From Virtue, only hope for real blifs :

She

She adds new charms, enlivens ev'ry grace,
 While Vice can e'en angelic forms debase :
 Give then my anxious heart the joy to see,
 The friend I love seek true felicity.

To Mr. Marriot, on his Return from India,
 after an Absence of nineteen Years.

WELCOME ! thrice welcome, to thy native shore,
 Where kindred hearts thy absence long deplor'd :
 With painful doubts and fears they beat no more,
 The husband, brother, friend, at length restor'd.
 Each word, each look, each eager act proclaim
 The joyful tumult in their raptur'd hearts !
 Each voice incessant hails thy much-lov'd name,
 Such gen'ral joy the long-fought bliss imparts !

But cease, my Muse, nor vainly strive to paint,
 The rapt'rous tide that swells Maria's breast !
 Tho' great the pow'r of verse, 'tis here too faint,
 For joy like her's, no language e'er express !

'Tis thou alone can justly prize her truth,
 Whose heart, thro' long, long years still beat to thee ;
 O'er time, o'er absence, still the vows of youth
 Triumphant reign'd---Oh matchless constancy !
 A faith so rare in this abandon'd age,
 When nuptial vows are grown a standing jest,
 And gold or vice the female heart engage,
 With purest love, sure merits to be blest !

 Henceforth may health and friendship both unite,
 To crown with lasting peace thy former toils ;
 Wealth without these, is barren of delight,
 They gild the brow of age with youthful smiles.
 In peace and comfort may you long enjoy,
 The praise which virtuous actions claim ;
 For Envy's baleful breath can ne'er destroy,
 That brightest gem* you've brought---a spotless name.

* Mr. Marriot brought his fortune home in diamonds.

PARAPHRASE on Part of the 24th P S A L M.

THE King of Glory comes ! ye gates, expand !
Doors of immortal frame your portals rear !
The King of Glory comes ! whose mighty hand,
Angels obey ! and all the nations fear !

Jehova comes ! the mighty God of war ;
Whose strength in battle hurls th'avenging steel ;
Myriads of Cherubs bear his radiant car ;
Bow down, ye heavens ! and all creation kneel.

H Y M N of Gratitude to the SUPREME B E I N G.

FATHER of all ! with grateful heart,
Behold thy servant bow ;
How shall I all those thanks impart,
Which in my bosom glow ?

For all thy mercies, Oh my God!

My soul adores thy name ;

Through ev'ry grief thy aid bestow'd,

And ev'ry comfort came.

Blest be each pang, each painful hour,

When with submission low,

My soul was taught to own thy pow'r,

From whom all blessings flow.

Resolv'd, beneath each dire event,

To own thy rod most kind :

God cannot err, gave sweet content,

And harmoniz'd my mind.

Of ev'ry aid, save thine alone,

I saw myself bereft ;

With fortune, ev'ry friend was flown,

But thou, my God ! wert left.

Sick of the world, its follies tir'd,
 I long'd to quit its noise ;
 Sublimèr thoughts my breast inspir'd,
 Than wait its fleeting joys.

With apathy the crowd I view'd,
 Nor grief nor envy knew ;
 Each warm, each trifling with subdu'd,
 Where resignation grew.

An honest heart was all my pride,
 A pride which heav'n inspir'd !
 And while it earthly foes defy'd,
 To heav'nly joys aspir'd.

What tranquil bliss each moment prov'd,
 Result of trust in thee !
 When thou, my God ! each thought approv'd,
 And shew'd new love to me.

How shall my grateful soul express

Those thanks to thee I owe !

Who bid a heart thy servant blest,

With every joy below

Form'd by thy hand, the youth appear'd,

At thy command he lov'd ;

Each word confess'd the God he fear'd,

While my wrapt soul approv'd.

Thou God ! whose piercing eye explores

Each secret of my breast ;

To thee, whose name my soul adores !

Its feelings stood confess'd.

No outward form first caught my eye,

Nor pow'r or wealth avail'd :

His virtue, sense, and piety,

O'er all my soul prevail'd.

Still, O my God ! thy mercy shew,
 Direct the hearts thou'lt join'd ;
 To rev'rence, faith, and virtue true,
 And to thy will inclin'd.

Through life, should thy supreme command,
 Our path with thorns o'erspread ;
 By thee supported, hand in hand,
 That path content we'll tread.

May we thy sacred laws obey,
 With ever watchful eye :
 And with some off'ring crown each day,
 Which to thy throne shall fly.

In all things pleasing to thy sight,
 May we each other aid ;
 Each act be crown'd with pure delight,
 While Thou shalt be obey'd.

And when thy will supreme shall end
 Our being here below,
 Together may our souls ascend,
 Where endless comforts flow.

The TRIUMPH of VIRTUE.

IN that dread hour when Sin subdu'd mankind,
 The Prince of Darknes burst the infernal doors,
 Out rushed each vice, in hell's dark womb confin'd,
 And fixed their standard on H-----nia's shores.

Concealed they wander'd till intestine broils,
 Held a fair field of action to their view ;
 Affrighted Virtue fled, and in their toils
 All ranks all ages, their fell standard drew.

To paint the band whom thence despotic reign,
 The muse must pluck from the fell harpy's wing
 The darkest plume, fledg'd with each deadly bane,
 Lent by the hand of hell's infernal king.

Invoke some fury foe to human kind,
 From black Cocytus lowest depth to trace
 With parent hand her offspring's hideous mind,
 And stamp a seal upon the lawless race.

Nor waving plume, nor laurel crown they claim,
 Nor aught that heav'n approves or heav'n bestows :
 Preheminence in Vice their only aim,
 While *sable banners* mark them Virtue's foes.

All laws divine, all social ties they spurn,
 Mangle with brutal joy the virgin's fame ;
 Exult to see a virtuous bosom mourn,
 And make a jest of their creator's name.

The fons of Belial own their brighter fame,
 And leave to these the Empire of the night;
 Who bolder far, have long since banish'd shame,
 And dar'd the searching eye of noon-day light.

See the fell Group * in riot's mad career,
 O'er flowing bowls drown Reason's sacred voice:
 Tho' pain, want, infamy and death appear,
 Yet these they clasp and glory in the choice.

Nor thro' the midnight gloom see heav'n behold,
 Crimes which even savages would blush to own:
 Supreme in ill, in every vice grown old,
 In her black cause are only valiant grown.

Why sleeps thy thunder, just unerring God!
 Nor sweeps from earth a race accurst of thee?
 Extend for Florio's sake thy heaviest rod,
 That in thy judgments he is danger see.

* B——mith R——nt of Militia.

For mortal voice can never wake the soul,
 Supinely flumb'ring o'er her sacred ward;
 Light'nings must flash, and loudest thunders roll,
 To snatch the victim from her treach'rous guard.

Oh, spare the youth *! avert th' avenging dart!
 Warn'd of his danger, may he quickly fly
 To some safe haven, where his wav'ring heart
 May re-assume its native dignity.

Affert thy sacred spirit in his heart,
 And guard each outwork of his gen'rous breast;
 So shall he never from thy laws depart,
 For ever guiltless, and for ever blest!

Behold an angel comes! The pray'r is heard!
 From high a messenger of love and grace!
 The mist dispell'd, the gloomy prospect clear'd,
 And Florio humbly seeks his maker's face.

* Lieutenant O—d.

Behold him now in Virtue's sacred road,
 Sweet peace! and balmy hope! each hour encrease :
 He treads the only path which leads to God!
 Convinc'd, that virtue is the path to peace.

AN EPISTLE sent with two Brace of
 JOHN DORIES.

DEAR Friend, as I am at this writing,
 I hope you'r well : By my inditing,
 It will appear, that I have sent you,
 What long I've wish'd for to present you,
 Two brace of Dories for your table,
 More to procure I am not able.
 Not small their fame, Devonian's boast,
 And her's their favourite native coast.
 King Quin*, we are told in recent story,
 To Plymouth went, to eat John Dory ;
 Were I to attempt their praise in rhyme,
 'Tis not whole lustrums would furnish time,

* Mr. Quin the Player,

To exprefs how firm, how white, how fweet,
 If beft or broil'd, or ftew'd they eat ;
 Or with what truth tradition tells ye,
 Saint Peter's thumb has mark'd the belly :
 But oft I have heard, though ftange the whim,
 That every fifh fhould three times fwim ;
 Therefore and direct, before you dine,
Quantum fufficit, fauce and wine ;
 Water, dame Nature firft fupplied,
 And for fauce your cook-maid will provide ;
 And I have fent fome good French brandy,
 And you have limes and fugar handy :
Old Britifh Spirit is very rare,
 Of what there is, there is none to fpare.
 But leaft Old Port you fhould relifh beft,
 Neat as imported, I've fent a tafte.
 Next poft, dear Harriet, I hope to hear,
 How you approve our western chear ;
 For 'tis your task for to command it,
 Since mine is done, who to you fend it.

AURELIA to PHILANDER.

THRICE has my trembling hand essay'd in vain,
 To paint the anguish of my bleeding heart ;
 'Tis the wretch's only freedom to complain,
 But, ah, what language can my woes impart !
 Thrice has my foul indignant checkt th'attempt,
 Too proud to bare to view the woes I feel ;
 Too weak to risk a cruel world's contempt,
 The fate of all who woes like mine reveal.

But 'tis not to the world I wish to shew
 Griefs, which at length yield triumph to despair :
 I come, I bare my wounded soul to you,
 An angel whispers, banish ev'ry fear.
 A meaner sacrifice that soul disdains,
 To thee alone the godlike task is giv'n ;
 My pride to conquer, and to ease my pains,
 To give me rest on earth, and peace in heav'n !

Broke is each friendly, ev'ry kindred chain,
 With fortune fled, nor pray'rs, nor tears avail;
 To heav'n and thee, ah! let a wretch complain,
 For pray'rs, nor tears, o'er callous hearts prevail.

O pardon then, if I should claim awhile
 Thine ear, thy pity to my dreadful state;
 And on thy check suspend the heart-born smile,
 Such as my grief-worn bosom ne'er must meet.
 O help me to sustain this load of life,
 Which weary nature can no more sustain;
 Arrest my arm, snatch back the lifted knife,
 And save my soul from everlasting pain.
 By yon bright heav'n, where waits each rich reward,
 I here conjure thee reach thy saving hand;
 Nor with cool eye my matchless woes regard,
 Woes which should all *thy* care, *thy* help command.
 But if despair must burst the gates of woe,
 Still will I bless thee in the realms above;
 Implore Jehova for thy peace below,
 And watch thy safety with an angel's love.

But let me trace, while mem'ry hold her seat,
 When peace and safety markt my flow'ry way;
 When thy fond heart to mine responsive beat,
 And joy came smiling with each welcome day.
 'Twas then you saw Aurelia greatly blest,
 By parents shielded, and by you belov'd;
 No cares intruded, and no woes oppress'd,
 The world admiring, and by self approv'd.
 But mad ambition broke the golden dream,
 And tore Philander from my faithful heart;
 Thro' the dark veil, no friendly chearing beam
 Rose on the fatal morn which saw us part.
 Can'st thou forget that day, that dreadful day,
 Which doom'd Aurelia to a life of woe?
 When you was borne to distant realms away,
 Sighs ceas'd to heave, and friendly tears to flow.
 In vain did parents love, and friendship strive,
 To fill the fatal vacuum in my soul;
 Hope, next to phrenzy, kept my love alive,
 And years on years of faith and anguish roll.

But,

But, ah! your plighted vows no more permits

The syren hope to chear my fainting heart;

Yet still nor int'rest leads, nor grief admits,

One wish to draw the ever-rankling dart.

To fill the bitter cup, Misfortune came,

And Death, more cruel, bore each friend afar;

But Virtue fled not; she, angelic dame!

Sustain'd my soul throughout the dreadful war.

But 'tis not she, with all her radiant smiles,

Can shield from pain or poverty's rude grasp;

Or guard the trembling heart from dire alarms,

Or kill the venom of the latent asp.

To servile means say, can Aurelia bend,

Whose eye has trac'd the Schoolmens learned page?

Can she with pride or tyranny contend,

Or catch the manners of a vicious age?

Will no kind region, in a calmer sky,

Receive a sufferer from a stormy sea?

Or grant some shelter whither I may fly,

Where my poor harrafs'd heart at rest may be?

Why was I taught to wake the trembling strings,
 Why taught to tread the mazy round with grace
 Why taught to trust to faithless fortune's wings
 To bear me to the realms of joy and peace?
 Thy yellow fields, each tall majestic wood,
 Thy downy couch, thy coffers filled with ore;
 Thy glowing gems, thy rare and costly food,
 Are striking contrasts of what I endure.
 Once did my faithless fortune promise more,
 And but for thee, such blessings had been mine,
 For thee I spurn'd each hand whose offered store
 Had made my fate not more severe than thine.

High heav'n! is witness that my faithful breast,
 Ne'er wish'd its sorrows might on thine recoil;
 My trembling lips no anger e'er express,
 Nor weeping friends durst censure or revile.
 'Twas fate not thee who fixt Aurelia's doom,
 It snatch'd love, fortune from my panting breast,
 But charg'd Philander to dispell the gloom,
 And light Aurelia to a place of rest.

Oh, grant the wish which fills my weary soul,
 To some safe shelter guide Aurelia's feet,
 Let my last hours in calm retirement roll,
 To fit my soul a bounteous God to meet,
 This boon allow'd, a rich reward would give
 For ev'ry hour of anguish I have known ;
 But ah ! it would not raise a wish to live,
 But would thy days with sweet reflections crown.

Sacred to the Memory of Captain SAMUEL
 HOUGH, late in the Service of the Hon.
 East India Company.

BLEST Shade ! tho' fled to bliss, yet thee we mourn :
 Friendship shall never quit thy sacred urn !
 Her flame shall not with life's dull lamp expire,
 But from thy virtues catch immortal fire !
 Her tears, a tribute to thy matchless worth,
 Shall pour libations on thy hallow'd earth ;

Where dwells each Virtue that adorns the mind,
 And stamps God's image on the human kind.
 There, in her brightest orb, Affection sleeps,
 While lost in woe thy widow'd partner weeps ;
 While anguish keen her gentle bosom rends,
 Down her wan cheek the constant tear descends.
 Thy smiling boy, a cherub's aspect wears ;
 In him thy look, thy much-lov'd form appears :
 Speechless, she gazes on his infant charms,
 And clasps new pangs within her trembling arms.
 For him she lives ! he chains her fast to life ;
 His parent, guardian, but no more a wife !
 Heav'n heard her pray'rs, her cries without regard,
 For worth like thine, heav'n only could reward.
 But heav'n will shield the mourner from despair,
 And fit her spotless soul, to join thee there !
 While all a brother, and a friend deplore
 From Britain's flow'ry plains, to India's shore.
 On wings reluctant wait the trembling gale,
 Left sighs are bearers of the mournful tale,

'Twas thine to lull the grief-worn heart to rest,
 With rapture to relieve the lab'ring breast ;
 With gen'rous aid the mourners wants supply,
 And wipe the tear from the averted eye.
 Thy rich reward is everlasting joy,
 While fruitless tears our mournful hours employ :
 Each heart reverberates the swelling sigh,
 While angels hail thee in thy kindred sky !
 While thy lov'd mem'ry lives in ev'ry breast,
 By angels guarded, may thy ashes rest.

To Mr. H—s, who wished he
 could love.

YOU wish to love? advent'rous Youth!

Ah! hear a friend impart

A useful, though unpleasing, truth,

Beware a mimic dart.

A thousand diff'rent forms assume

Love's shape divinely fair !

So art awhile by sweet perfume,

Conceals polluted air.

Avarice oft his charms puts on,

And paints the scene all bright ;

Shews all the splendor of her throne,

And cheats the dazzl'd sight.

Rude passions oft lie couch'd beneath

Th' attentive Lover's care,

'Tis but self love those accents breathe,

Which oft delude the fair.

A distant hope of wealth to come

Oft wings the Lover's way,

Or dear desire to vagrant roam,

Pursues the cheating ray.

Not fo the real God effays,
 To lead his fons to joy,
 His paths are mark'd through virtues ways,
 Whofe charms can never cloy.

Would'ft thou explore the facred groves,
 Where real beauty fhines,
 Where Love in all its fplendor moves,
 Above Peruvian mines..

Reafon attend, fhe courts thine ear,
 Nor friendship's voice decide;
 They point the path exempt from care,
 Where Peace and Love refide..

'Tis not the fparkling eye that beams,
 Bright as Golconda's glowing gems,
 Can bind the human heart;
 'Tis not the polifh'd brow ferene,
 Nor cheek, where triumphs beauty's Queen,
 Can lafting blifs impart.

'Tis not the blaze of wit that flies,
Like Meteors, for like them it dies,

And leaves all gloom behind :
Like light'ning oft it fatal wounds,
With envy keen its shaft abounds,
And pains the feeling mind.

Sharp pangs the fond embrace succeed,
Poison beneath its beauties hid,

Proclaim the latent asp :
So lurks the thorn beneath the rose,
Whose bloom bewitching sweets disclose,
And court our eager grasp.

'Tis not the dimpl'd smiles that play
Around the wanton and the gay,

And charm for one short hour ;
Can soften life's corroding care,
Or griefs' oppressive burthen share,
Or blunt Affliction's power.

'Tis not the blazon'd pride of birth,

Can give the abject bosom worth,

Or wealth the heart expand :

Virtue ! Fates' darkeſt ſhade defies,

Refulgent beams illum the ſkies,

Where'er ſhe waves her wand !

Where Friendſhip ſpreads her chearing ſmile,

Friendſhip ! which all our woes beguile,

Adore the heav'nly ray !

Clasp the rich bleſſing to thy breaſt,

'Bove Sovereign pow'r the pair is bleſt,

Who tread her flow'ry way.

The eye illum'd by Pity's tear,

The voice that checks the ſigh of care,

Reſiſtleſs charms diſcloſe !

True beauty reigns majeſtic there,

And paints the cheek with bloom more fair,

Than lilly or the roſe.

The heart, which swells at tales of woe,

The lips, whence soothing accents flow,

Attunes the soul to love :

And strikes with silent magic art,

The string that vibrates to the heart,

And wild desires reprove.

Philosophy's stern dictates cease,

The softer passions rule with ease,

And wake the torpid soul :

Candour, that speaks a noble mind,

And modesty and sense refin'd,

Its rigid rules controul.

Love's sacred fire each thought improves,

On reason's springs each passion moves,

And regulates desire :

Whene'er a maid thus form'd you meet,

With heart sincere and temper sweet,

You'll catch the sacred fire.

For ah ! 'tis only charms like these,
Immortal charms that ever please !

Survive youth's short-liv'd hour ;
Should heav'n allot thee such a bride,
You would, with fond exulting pride,
Confess the God's soft pow'r.

Kind heav'n will smile on vows sincere ;
Virtue, which gilds the highest sphere,
Life's humblest vales adorn :
Fortune's best gifts her smiles improve,
Her's are the charms that must remove
That apathy you mourn.

On the Death of DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

SACRED to silent night th' instructive dream,
Sacred to fable night the mournful theme,
Sacred to sorrow be the hapless hour,
When Garrick slept, and Genius was no more !

Sacred the hour, when his hallowed herse
 Proclaim'd the short-liv'd pow'r of wit and verse,
 And taught mankind no strength of genius can
 Avert the destin'd fate that waits on man.

Mourn, all ye Muses! mourn your fav'rite son,
 Who stamp'd your worth, and fairest laurels won!
 Crown'd you with honors, lasting as his name,
 And round your Shakespeare spread eternal fame!
 Mourn, all ye Muses! mourn your fav'rite son,
 Dumb be your golden harps, your Garrick's gone!

Vain had ye strung your harps, ye sacred Nine;
 Vain had your numbers flow'd in sounds divine,
 In vain your sons had trac'd th' historic page,
 And plac'd in strongest light despotic rage,
 Had not kind nature, on thy cause intent,
 To realize the scene, her Garrick sent.
 Mourn, all ye Muses! mourn your fav'rite son,
 Dumb be your golden harps, your Garrick's gone!

Whene'er his brow assum'd a tyrant's frown,
 Rage shook each bosom, and abhorr'd a crown ;
 Taught freedom's native sons, that thrones and kings,
 Unmark'd by Virtue, *are no sacred things*.
 When e'er the truncheon and the waving crest,
 Adorn'd the man, the hero stood confess'd ;
 He rous'd each slumb'ring Virtue in the soul,
 And Courage took the reins without controul ;
 When from his lips fair Freedom's dictates flow'd,
 With attic fire each British bosom glow'd ;
 Mourn, all ye Muses ! mourn your favourite son,
 Dumb be your golden harps, your Garrick's gone !

But when the softer scenes of life he fill'd,
 In grace, ease, learning, and politeness skill'd ;
 In justice, honour, friendship would he shine,
 Or paint benevolence in shades divine :
 'Twas then you saw the *man he did not* play,
 The tenor of his life was such each day :
 To him the wretched never sued in vain,
 His heart deplor'd, or hand remov'd their pain ;

While rising merit met a parent's care,
 In richest soil he nurs'd the bashful fair ;
 Nor left to poverty's chill blast the maid,
 But rear'd the active mind with watchful aid ;
 Nor jealous of its worth, with selfish pride,
 To check its progress e'er ignobly try'd
 Mourn, all ye Muses ! mourn your fav'rite son,
 Dumb be your golden harps, your Garrick's gone !

An Epistle to a Friend, with a SETTING DOG.

GO, gen'rous creature ! faithful may'st thou prove
 To thy new master, and deserve his love :
 The Muse, without a blush, may sing thy praise,
 Thy honour'd race oft shone in ancient lays ;
 And well thy social nature claims the place
 In reason, second to the human race.
 Ulysses's dog liv'd but his Lord to greet,
 Nor life sustain'd but to embrace his feet ;

Nor age, nor rags, his master could conceal,
 Nor years of absence cool his faithful zeal :
 Such pure attachment, without guile or art ;
 Such faith, a satire on the human heart,
 Which int'rest warps from Friendship's sacred line,
 To tread the paths of treacherous design ;
 'Tis Fortune's smiles form modern Friendship's chain,
 While Virtue's angel voice but pleads in vain.
 The faithful dog repels the murd'rer's power,
 And guards his master thro' the fearful hour ;
 When midnight slumbers tempt the villain's knife,
 To steal, perhaps, his benefactor's life.
 Thus safety from the brutal race we gain,
 While *man of man* his safety seeks *in vain*.
 Go thou and prove, in these degen'rate times,
 A just reproach on man's *politer* crimes :
 Be faithful, gentle, watch thy master's will,
 And all his vacant hours with pleasure fill.
 When Nature's sweets forsake their dewy beds,
 And Night no more her sable mantle spreads ;

But blue-ey'd Thetis, in her saffron robe,
 Reigns the bright Empress of the wond'rous globe;
 And all the feather'd race, on joyous wing,
 Their morning hymns to their Creator sing,
 Then call thy master to the verdant field,
 Where nature, health, and joy does kindly yield;
 Swift through the rugged stubble speed thy way,
 And seek with caution the unwary prey.
 Where Phœbus first his golden beam displays,
 Guide thou his steps beneath the glowing rays;
 For so man's care of *mortal* health requires,
 To shun the damps, and seek his genial fires;
 But when the god has measur'd half his race,
 And in meridian all his glories blaze,
 Then seek the windings of the flow'ry glade,
 And lead thy master to the grateful shade;
 But fly the hollow path and fenny road,
 Where never man or beast in safety trod;
 And shun with equal care the darksome wood,
 Beneath whose gloom the ruffian lurks for blood.

Thus'

Thus, through the duties of the rural state,
 Let thy first care upon his safety wait;
 And may thy dumb sagacity descry,
 Each ill impervious to the human eye.
 But when his voice thy hasty footsteps bound,
 Then let the wounded prey untouch'd be found;
 At his command the luscious banquet yield,
 Flutt'ring in blood upon the scorching field;
Nor like mankind, because subdu'd, devour,
 Nor blend, like them, *oppression* with thy pow'r.

When the bright ev'ning star shall warn him home,
 In safety guide him to the social dome,
 Where the lov'd source of all his halcyon hours,
 Invokes his welfare of the guardian pow'rs;
 In every breeze she hopes his steps to trace,
 And chides the lazy dial's equal pace;
 To her fond heart, by love-born terrors torn,
 Swift fly the herald of his wish'd return;
 Fawn on her trembling knee dispels each fear,
 And let thy speechless joy announce him near.

He comes ! her fond embrace his toil repays,
 While thy proud spoils his festive board displays :
 Round it, may joy and health for ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart with sacred friendship glow ;
 And when in sleep's defenceless arms they lye,
 Watch by their couch, nor close thy faithful eye :
 Prove thou a lesson to the human race,
 And claim 'mongst man's best friends the second place.

The EXPERIMENTAL LOVER,

Inscribed to T. H. B. O. Esq.

LYCIAS beholds fair Lydia mourn,
 His absence or his flight ;
 Nor lends a smile to ease her pain,
 But views her anguish with disdain ;
 Nay, vows it gives delight.

For, says the swain, that heart ne'er lov'd,

Which only beats to joy ;

Each pang she feels, proclaims her mine,

The tearful eye is love's true sign,

Which lovers doubts destroy.

But cruel youth, the trial cease,

Nor wound a heart thine own ;

Lydia exists but on thy smiles,

Thy love her ev'ry care beguils ;

Dispair attends thy frown.

With patience she attends thy will,

Nor chides tho' you neglect :

The smile of joy, the sigh of care,

The conscious blush, the grateful tear ;

All bind thee to protect.

A foul, by fordid passions sway'd,
 Would spurn such arts as thine :
 But Lydia's fate depends on you ;
 Reward her faith, thy bliss pursue,
 And hail thy lot divine.

THE WISH.

GRANT me, kind heav'n, a safe retreat,
 From pride, from folly, and deceit :
 Far from a world where discord reigns ;
 Far from each vice my soul disdains.

A mansion neat, convenient, warm ;
 In view a fruitful neighb'ring farm :
 Tall woods to shade my fav'rite seat,
 Where elms in close-twin'd friendship meet ;
 Where crystal streams soft murmuring flow,
 Thro' vales where fragrant flow'rets blow.

No gothic pillars, marble dooms,
 Or carpets wove in Tyrian looms ;
 I ask but ample, needful store,
 To aid my friends and feed the poor.

There let my life unenvy'd pass,
 Till death shall stop my running glass :
 Then in the neighb'ring church yard laid,
 Unenvy'd share the yew-tree's shade.

On a FRIEND'S Recovery from a dangerous Illness.

THOU ! who must all my grateful thoughts employ,
 Whose presence gives my grief-worn bosom joy ;
 Whose friendship only can my woes allay,
 And dart thro' fate's dark gloom a chearing ray :
 Ah ! deign to hear what rapture swells my soul,
 Where thy late danger bid despair controul.

The pain you felt, with double force I knew,
 Swift to my heart each dang'rous symptom flew;
 Strain'd ev'ry nerve with sympathetic pain,
 While fears unceasing throb'd in ev'ry vein.

For all thy gen'rous tendernefs and care
 To calm my sorrows and repel difpair;
 Thy soothing words, which foften'd ev'ry hour
 Of pain, and prov'd humanity's great pow'r;
 For thefe my foul its grateful thanks would pay,
 And pants for pow'rs that might the debt defray.
 But fate fevere confines by bankrupt heart,
 Which can no more its thanks, than woes impart;
 Nor words nor pen, can paint my recent grief:
 But thou ftill liv'ft, and heav'n has fmill'd relief.

Take then this weak attempt to prove how true
 The joy I feel, now health returns to you:
 Your pains, your sorrows, all encrease my woes,
 But from thy welfare healing balfam flows:

Anew I live, each languid pow'r revives,
 And my long harrafs'd heart new strength receive.

Oh! would Urania deign to visit earth,
 Her sacred plume perhaps might reach thy worth ;
 Might tell what blessings from thy friendship flow,
 And speak that gratitude to thee I owe.
 Serene henceforth may all your days still move,
 And your past anguish be the last you'll prove.
 Fair Health again is thine, the Goddess guard ;
 With int'rest high, she will thy care reward ;
 She heightens ev'ry joy, she soothes each care,
 And she alone life's num'rous woes can bear :
 Shun each allurements that may prove her bane,
 Nor follow Pleasure through the paths to pain :
 Since brib'd by worth, the tyrant Death delays,
 To snatch those blessings which thy worth conveys :
 In pity to mankind protracts thy doom,
 Nor robs the world of benefits to come :

Long,

Long, long be thine, what kindest fate bestows,
And peace of mind thy final moments close.

On the Death of Sir ROBERT LONG, Bart.
Knight of the Shire for the County of
WILTS.

WEEP, all ye Muses, aid my mournful verse ;

Teach me the good Acasto's praise to sing :

In strains sublime his gen'rous deeds rehearse,

And reach his virtues on seraphic wing !

In him a universal friend appear'd ;

In his fond eye, the tender parent dwelt,

The tear he wip'd, the sighing bosom chear'd,

For human woes his gentle nature felt.

Bounteous like nature, and like heav'n kind !

To him none pleaded mis'ry's cause in vain :

Each social virtue mark'd his noble mind,

And fix'd on earth soft pity's friendly reign.

But

But hark ! alas ! those bursting sighs proclaim,

The friend of man, the good Acasto sleeps !

Hark ! Virtue's sons his flight from earth deplore ;

While Misery's offspring round his bier weeps.

Heav'n snatch'd him hence, unwilling to delay

Its promis'd bliss, his virtues full reward ;

In the bright regions of eternal day !

Complete and pure at the right hand of God.

MONODY on the same, inscribed to his
Daughter, Miss EMMA LONG.

THE Moon shone pale, 'twas in her infant birth,
The hour when visions skim the dewy earth ;
When church-yards yawn, and marble tombs arise,
And Ghosts glide by unseen by human eye.

When the false glow-worm leads the trav'ling swain
In fatal mazes round the desert plain ;

Loud thro' the gloom was heard sad Emma's cries,
Her tender parent mounts the lucid skies !

Hark, the deep groan ! say, why at this dread hour,
Comes Terror's King ? why here his tyrant pow'r ?
Not Virtue bribes his busy scythe to rest,
Or filial torrents melt his harden'd breast.

He comes, 'tis true ; but see yon Seraph ! see
Impatient hover, 'till his dart decree
The soul to quit its cumb'rous mortal frame,
To mount on Seraph's wing to endless fame.

Mistaken ye, who mourn sad Emma's loss ;
Ah ! change the theme, and teach her to rejoice :
Death wears no terrors for the wise and good,
But kindly leads them from life's mazy wood.

Where born to suffer, no true pleasures grow ;
Say, happiest mortals, are you free from woe ?

Has not your sweets, tho' cropt in Virtue's road
 Been deep embitter'd? not the promis'd good?

Ah! cease then Emma, cease these fruitless tears;
 Ah! load not thus thy gentle breast with cares:
 He's gone 'tis true, fate sealed the dread decree,
 And heav'n receives him but to wait for thee.

To groves of bliss his raptur'd soul retires
 Where thou shalt meet, and join the sacred choirs;
 With thy blest parent grateful praises sing,
 At the high throne of heav'n's eternal king!

Oh! let a sifter heart, and humble pen,
 Recall some comfort to thy breast again;
 Lament no more, true wisdom joy must find
 In God's decrees, the parent of mankind.

Eternal bliss succeeds a life of peace;
 Smiles ev'n in death, adorn the just man's face:

While from his tomb immortal fragrance flows,
Where Virtue's sacred flow'rs eternal blows!

Oh! then take comfort, cease to mourn and weep;
Nor wake his ashes from their tranquil sleep:
Thy grief would interrupt celestial joy,
Could he behold his Emma's sad employ.

Accept the tribute which the muse would pay
To his survivors, and his honour'd clay:
Tho' mortal pow'rs can never justly shew,
That worth and virtue which the world should know.

A B S E N C E.

WHERE shall I fly, what words can speak my pain?
In vain all nature blooms, it blooms in vain:
Meandering streams and nodding woods unite,
To greet with beauteous scenes the raptur'd sight;

The voice of joy loud echoes thro' the plain,
 While hapless I in fruitless sighs complain :
 Here lowing herds in flow'ry pastures feed,
 Here nymphs and shepherds tune the oaten reed ;
 While rosy chaplet crown each faithful swain,
 Nor thoughts impure their artless loves profane :

But cease, now Damon's gone, ye flow'rs to spring,
 Ye warblers cease in sprightly strains to sing ;
 No more ye kids your wanton gambols play,
 No more sweet matin bird awake the day ;
 Woodpidgeon cease thy faithful mate to woo,
 Nor longer bear the vine to purple hue ;
 Nor limpid streams soft murmur thro' the mead,
 Nor snow-white flocks alternate sport and feed ;
 Nor on the milkmaids check ye roses bloom,
 Creation wear one universal gloom ;
 Nor let till he returns one charm appear,
 Nor spring, nor summer teem till he is here.
 To my sad sighs, ye herds, responsive low,
 Nor near my restless feet ye flow'rets blow ;

Ye friendly cooling zephyrs come not here,
 To sport as ye were wont, but quickly bear,
 The echo of my anguish and despair.

}

Whisper how my fond heart his absence mourns,
 Tell him peace flies these shades till he returns;
 Then hither haste to my impatient heart,
 His ev'ry look, his ev'ry word impart;
 Waste not on my sad state one balmy gale,
 Unheeded let me tread this lonely vale:

But search for ev'ry sweet the blossoms shed,
 Celestial fragrance fan around his head,
 And waft him quick and safely to this shade.

}

EXTEMPORE on being requested to write a
 BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THE Muse is dumb, nor dares, with feeble lays,
 To sing what angel-tongues alone can praise!

On the Death of GENERAL WOLFE, who
was killed at the Siege of Quebec.

VERSE, sculpter, genius, all in vain conspire
To paint the hero's worth and martial fire :
Mortals be dumb ! -----await the judgment day,
When his approving God his toils shall pay.
Had earth contain'd a plume to crown the head,
The godlike youth had not, when victor, bled.
But Britain's son shall meet his rich reward
From heaven ! while angels hail with one accord ;
Thro' realms above the joyful mandate fly,
While cherubs bear him to his native sky ;
Where strains divine each seraph's voice inspire,
And worlds conven'd compleat the heav'nly choir,
His grateful country lead the sacred band,
While fill'd with awe the wond'ring nations stand.

D A M O N and D E L I A.

O N the fair brow of yon majestic hill,
 Young Damon lives with Delia's presence blest;
 Friendship and love their kindred bosoms fill,
 Their days one endless scene of joy and rest:
 Around them smile their golden fruitful fields,
 Where warbling choristers awake the morn;
 Each season all its native tribute yields,
 And Damon grateful reaps his bending corn.

Tir'd with the labour of the harvest day,
 He to his Delia's arms a welcome finds;
 She hastes his half-born wishes to obey,
 For love reigns mutual in their spotless minds.
 For her he toils, for her employs each care,
 She seeks his wish'd return with longing eyes;
 He flies with transport to the gen'rous fair,
 Nor envies Jove the empire of the skies.

T H E C O T T A G E.

Y E great, ye gay, with me the path pursue,
 Where peace and safety greet the raptur'd view :
 Yonder wide pasture cross'd we reach the door,
 Of sweet content and innocence, tho' poor :
 A little wicket, without bolt or key,
 A little dog, the honest faithful Tray,
 First greet your entrance, and invite you in ;
 What sweet tranquillity ! what change is seen.
 The follies of the world are now no more ;
 The town, its noise, its hurry, all are o'er :
 All feuds and factions, and impertinence
 Of busy fools, and men of little sense,
 All trifling objects are excluded here,
 Nor vice with harmless mirth dare interfere ;
 Thrice happy owner of this humble cot,
 If thou art wise, to know thy blissful lot !

A nursery of fruitful trees the cot furround,
 Sweet violets and daifies paint the ground ;
 A vine whose curling tendrils kindly shoot,
 A lovely arbor forms with pendant fruit :
 Soft mossy paths of nature's own design,
 Meandring between the verdant spaces join ;
 Crown'd with fresh boughs the straw crown'd hives appear,
 Rich with sweet produce of the flow'ry year.
 Here clucking hens their downy nests prepare,
 To spread the homely board with dainty fare ;
 And nature's loveliest liv'ry is seen,
 In various hues of vegetable green :
 Which please the eye and promise to the taste,
 At once a wholesome and a plentuous feast ;
 Here blooms an eglantine, and there a rose,
 And pinks and lillies balmy sweets disclose.
 The thorny gooseberry, and currant too,
 Fill up each vacancy, and as you go,
 That not one spot may unimproved be,
 The sav'ry thyme, and chearing rosemary ;

Secure from northern blasts compleat the scene,
 Shelter'd by shapen yews in lasting green;
 And lest some over busy, prying eye,
 Should rudely dare disturb the privacy,
 Nature herself has built a living wall,
 Of hawthorn all around both thick and tall;
 So closely interwove this verdant screen,
 The sun himself can scarcely peep between.
 Within the sacred shelter of this grot,
 Thus stands secure this humble straw-crown'd cot,
 Where, did not fate forbid, I there would live,
 Nor envy joys which thrones or courts could give;
 There, with a modest competency join'd,
 Give me but one dear friend of either kind,
 Sincere and tender, full of truth and love,
 As serpents wife, and harmless as the dove.
 Grant me, kind heav'n, but such a blest repose,
 And such dear partners of my joys and woes,
 I'll never search for more felicity.
 But live delighted, and exulting die.

No craving wish should interrupt my rest,
 Nor dire ambition swell my humble breast ;
 No flatt'ers mock, no Judas with a kiss,
 No wrangling Fabius should disturb my bliss ;
 No fears, no cares, no jealousy, or strife,
 Should break the pure composure of my life :
 But there, as when the billows of the main,
 After a storm, are sweetly lull'd again,
 There should my soul with eager rapture flee,
 From woe, from business, and from envy free :
 Incessant tune its songs to God above,
 His justice dread and supplicate his love.

My books, my kind and ever constant friends,
 Whose converse pleases, and the heart amends ;
 With them delighted thro' the woods I'd rove,
 And fleeting times short hours with care improve,
 I'd learn industry of my busy bees,
 And dress my bow'rs and prop my teeming trees.
 Sometimes the social board my hours should share,
To know myself, should end each other care ;

That:

That one great task I'd ever keep in mind,
 Since all beneath are trifles, shades and wind.

On the 21st of June, the Birth-Day of the
 Author's Sister.

SWEET verdant month, for ever sacred be,
 Whose genial rays their influence shed;
 With a fair blossom deck'd a goodly tree,
 While grateful zephyr's, fragrant odours spread.
 Flora resolv'd to grace her fav'rite flower,
 Gathered the sweets of ev'ry vale and grove;
 And rifled ev'ry amaranthine bow'r,
 To deck this blooming object of her love.

Thrice happy month that not one rival knew,
 Till this sweet bud the queen of beauty 'rose;
 Which stole gay summer's vary'd wreath from you,
 And all the sweets which Ceylon's gales disclose;

No more, proud lilly, boast thy envy'd white,
 Nor woodbine wanton in thy sweet perfume ;
 Thy hue, carnation, is no longer bright,
 And modest vi'lets lose their purple bloom.
 The blushing rose, which mark'd this month its own,
 No longer scents the ev'nings grateful breeze,
 While chrystal dew-drops weep the absent sun,
 And, trembling, glitter on its drooping leaves..
 Oh ! guard, fair Flora, this thy fav'rite flow'r
 Shield it from killing frost and dog-star heat. ;,
 Keep it secure within thy vernal bow'r,
 Where spring eternal crowns thy native seat..

To LEANDER, who declared he would not
 marry.

O F noble race, and fortune's fv'rite c hild,
 Of person graceful, and of manners mild ;
 So form'd to please and bless, you justly share,
 The love and friendship of the good and fair :

Yet you with firm resolve have often said,
 “ Believe me, dearest friend, I ne’er will wed ;

“ Too rare, too fleeting are the joys of life,

“ To be endanger’d by domestic strife.”

Recall, mistaken youth, this hasty vow,

Without a second-felf no joys we know ;

Reverberated pleasures cheer the breast,

And woes divided leave a space for rest.

Say, you avoid some care and household noise,

To shun one ill, you lose ten thousand joys :

Courage, my timid friend, the path pursue,

Which truth and reason opens to your view :

I’ll pledge my life, you’ll ne’er have cause to ’wail,

That marriage plagues prepond’rate the scale.

And that you may be blest, chuse not a mate

From the gay circle of the rich and great ;

Where vice and folly ev’ry hour employs,

And midnight revels crown their motly joys,

Nor on the pride of birth thy fond wishes place,
 'Tis only vice that can thy choice disgrace :
 The Peasant and the Peer both owe their birth
 To that one universal parent, Earth ;
 Of high-birth then what can in praise be said,
 Since we are all of one same substance made ;
 Nor on the cheek where rose and lilly vie,
 Dura thou thy life, for ah ! they quickly die.

Seek then a maid, whose gen'rous feeling heart,
 Of others suff'rings kindly bears a part ;
 For should ill fortune cloud thy pleasing view,
 She then would share each heart-felt pang with you ;
 And, sharing, soften ev'ry human woe,
 While each eas'd heart with mutual comforts glow :
 Or should the Dame alternate smiles put on,
 A kindred-heart must her best bounty crown ;
 The gayest scene no longer charms the eye,
 If no lov'd friend to share our joy is nigh.

Seek then firm friendship in the furnisht mind,
 Where gen'rous pride with awful virtue join'd,
 Where soft humanity, where scorn of art,
 Where harmless mirth and purity of heart,
 Form and adorn each act, 'tis such alone,
 Can guard thy honour and preserve her own :
 While virtue guides, affection ne'er will cease,
 Her paths all lead to honour, love and peace :
 And heav'n, who joins such hearts, will sure approve,
 Its own great work, and bless thy constant love.

Dialogue between MINERVA and CUPID, in-
 scribed to Mrs. B. the Author's Sister, on
 the Anniversary of her Wedding Day.

C U P I D.

THANKS be to Jove, you'r found at last,
 I'm out of breath, I've flown so fast ;

On Ida's top my mother fits,
 And raves, and weeps, and sighs by fits;
 She swears by Styx, that you'r brewing
 Schemes, to work her empire's ruin;
 Else why, without the leave of Jove,
 Elope thus sily from above,
 But on some unlawful errant,
 Since you durst not ask his warrant?

This morn such rage deform'd her face,
 As scar'd the whole Olympic race;
 Rise, she cry'd, nor here lie sleeping,
 Behold your goddess' mother weeping;
 Unfold your wings, uncloze your eyes,
 Minerva now my pow'r defies;
 Gird your quiver, whet your arrows,
 Take for speed my coach and sparrows;
 Go, find her out, what pair she guards,
 What e'er Thoul't ask, thy toil rewards,
 Rage and fear made her in such haste,
 Down I flew nor staid to breakfast;

Tho' Ganymede had spread the board,
And noify Juno wak'd her lord.

Thus, Dame, you see, what broils you cause,
By daring to oppose our laws ;
My mother's vot'ries I can sway,
Well pleas'd my dictates they obey ;
For them we quit our blest abode,
On Ida's brow for Oxford road ; *
At Cot'ries unrival'd reign,
Where beauty heals the lover's pain ;
Where rosy wreaths the victors crown,
While yours with scorn our pow'r disown.

Prudence, you say, should ever guide
Each fair, till she becomes a bride ;
That virtue, honour, sacred truth,
Should ever bind the fighting youth ;

O

And

* The Pantheon in Oxford-Road.

And mutual friendship, join each heart,
 In faithful love till death do part.
 While laughing Venus she denies,
 All other influence but the eyes ;
 Nor thinks there needs a mental charm,
 The youthful lover's breast to warm ;
 Since aged hearts e'en av'rice flies,
 And grey threescore for fifteen dies.

Since wisdom's turn'd quite out of doors,
 In vain your arts oppose our pow'rs ;
 Between us both poor mortals, they
 Know neither what to do or say :
 For me, I'm weary of my life,
 If I were Jove, I'd end your strife ;
 Either contrive your pow'rs to blend,
 Or open war must be the end.
 'Tis vain for me to aim at hearts,
 If while I point, you foil my darts ;

M I N E R V A.

Hence, boy---and this to Venus, greeting,
 Say you found me at this happy meeting ;
 Where virtue, honour, sacred friendship join,
 To prove the bright assembly wholly mine ;
 Where fair Sincerity each bosom warms,
 And the fond wish to please, resistless charms :
 Here friendship's laws give birth to lasting love,
 And joys insure, which passion cannot prove :
 In artless smiles the fair her heart unveils,
 And, spite of folly, reason's voice prevails ;
 No shame can tinge that cheek where honour glows,
 Nor guilt that bosom feel, whence virtue flows :
 Revolving funs here rivet Hymen's chain,
 Nor mean disguise the tender wish restrain.
 The faithful lover, and the gen'rous friend,
 My care shall ever from all woes defend ;
 My pow'rful shield defies her treach'rous art,
 Which guides the eye, while I direct the heart.

Beauty, sweet bloom, without my aid must die,
 On Time's swift wing its meteor charms must fly ;
 Ere yet the flatt'ring honey-moon is o'er,
 Disgust, her reign begins---love smile no more ;
 With scorn is seen the once angelic face,
 If no bright mental charm supply its place.

Begone, then urchin---fly this hallow'd ground,
 Nor be within its sacred confines found.
 Pure love, not passion, marks my fav'rite place,
 When e'en thy proud mamma would meet disgrace ;
 To her, and haughty Jove---this message bear !
 My immortal bosom feels no abject fear :
 If from Olympia's seats they hurl me down,
 Beneath this dome, I'll fix my lasting throne :
 Wealth, love and honour, shall this pair attend,
 And virtue's shield from mortal ills defend :
 Their days shall pass in happiness and peace,
 While conscious virtue all their joys increase ;
 And Jove, with envy, shall their bliss survey,
 When I exalt them to the realms of day.

INNOCENCE.

I N N O C E N C E.

OH! innocence, thou balm of ev'ry woe,
 Thou pow'rful shield against misfortune's dart;
 Thou source of ev'ry comfort here below,
 Thou friendly inmate of the fighting heart.

The vicious tremble when, before thy fight,
 The good behold thee, as a type of heav'n!
 Around thee beams a ray of sacred light,
 And pow'r supream to thee on earth is giv'n.

But if thou fliest, then guilt and shame succeed;
 'Tis not in fortune to supply thy place,
 Fair friendship flies as from a broken reed,
 And keen contempt awaits the conscious face.

Where then a refuge from that fiend, Dispair,

If God withholds his mercy and his grace?

Thro' guilt's dark glooms, behold a Saviour there,

Then prostrate fall, and humbly seek his face.

For God has promis'd thro' his only Son,

That true repentance shall ascend on high,

For contrite hearts his sacred blood atone,

If in his name their supplications fly.

On a fashionable Circle, who were employed
in a very trifling manner.

WHAT little cares do little minds pursue,
Gay fairy atoms catch their childish view,
Pleas'd with a shadow, tickl'd with a feather,
Their most instructive subject is the weather.
Loud laugh, low gibe and puppies antic play,
Fill up the labour of each rolling day,

Such live unmark'd in life's more noble page,
And die the scorn of a more useful age.

On being asked to attempt SATIRE in
VERSE.

CYNIC, no more invoke my Muse's aid,
A nobler theme inspires the gen'rous maid:
If satire glow'd but in bright virtue's cause,
To aid, or vindicate, her golden laws,
Then it would well deserve the Muse's pow'r,
She'd love, and war and beauty sing no more.
But does not envy oft the arrow wing,
And disappointed pride supply the sting?
No fordid passion, or no private end,
Make hireling's censure where they should commend;
See we a fault in those the heart holds dear,
Or satirize the fool whose wealth we share?

Ah, no ! 'tis burning envy lurks beneath,
 And twines for Cynic brows the snaky wreath :
 From Helicon's clear streams no poisons flow,
 Pure they descend, nor tainted till below.
 Urania's voice the gentle passions sings,
 Her strains divine on joyful zephirs wings
 Descend ; she greets the gen'rous feeling heart,
 But flies indignant from thy venom'd dart.
 E'en Pope, that draughtsman of the human soul,
 Who knew the scale and bearings of the whole,
 But for a moment charms ; no joy imparts,
 We smile, 'tis true, but smile not from our hearts ;
 Nature has planted in the human breast,
 That love of *kind* which cannot be suppress'd.
 So with arch leer awhile the comic Muse
 Excites the laugh, and nobler thoughts subdues ;
 The party-colour'd fool a moment reigns,
 We quit the scene, no pleasing trace remains.

But Virtue, painted by the poets hands,
 Expands the soul, its noblest pow'rs commands ;
 Our bosoms glow with emulating fire,
 Panting to reach that virtue we admire :
 And if the mirror human woes display,
 Willing we yield to god-like pity's sway.
 But satire irritates the vicious mind,
 Fixing its apathy for human kind.
 Rather envelope vice in endless night,
 Than bare her baleful pow'rs to mortal fight ;
 With candor study self, nor meanly wound,
 Another's fame, 'till thou art blameless found :
 Satire, avaunt back to thy native hell,
 And with thy fellow-fiends, self-punisht, dwell.

ON D E A T H.

THE monarch, statesman, hero, and the slave,
 Alike pay nature's tribute to the grave :

The tyrant's pow'r no exception makes,
 The bands of wealth and mis'ry alike he breaks ;
 The glitt'ring gems which grace the prince's brow,
 In vain resplendent shine, nor bribe the foe.
 Commiſſion'd from above, his arrows fly,
 With aim moſt ſure, nor can ſtrong nature's cry,
 The mandate dire revoke : Alas ! in vain
 The parent weeps, ſurviving friends complain,
 Gazing round the pale breathleſs corſe they ſtand,
 And ſigh, and tremble at their God's command ;
 While, from their fault'ring tongues its merits flow,
 For bleſſings fled more valuable grow.
 While grief's ſtrong tide for riſing griefs make way,
 And gives to pale Deſpair an eaſy prey.

Behold, oh man ! this pageant of an hour,
 This proud, vain mortal has reſign'd his pow'r :
 Smooth is that brow which taught mankind to fear,
 Silent that voice that claim'd Attention's ear ;

The smile, that used the kindred heart to warm,
 Has lost its pow'r, and ceases now to charm :
 The haughty accent of imagin'd worth,
 And abject pride of an exalted birth,
 No more with awe the vulgar croud impress,
 But humbly now their parent earth confess.
 No longer Beauty proudly rears her head,
 On her bright eyes the crawling worm is fed ;
 To every living sense obnoxious grown,
 The once fair form from human sight is thrown,
 Like putrid weeds from the offended eye,
 Oh, humbling thought ! consign'd with worms to lye.

But that unerring pow'r who rules on high,
 For sin pronounced offending man should die :
 And gave for punishment supreme below,
 Th' afflictive parting pangs of death to know,
 When nature in each mangled fibre feels,
 And awful death our richest blessing steals ;

But yet (tis given to mitigate the smart,)
 And blunt the edge of his sharp wounding dart,
 When thro' the friend he wounds the feeling heart.

Let true humanity our actions guide,
 And sacred justice our our thoughts preside;
 For all those aids our feeble natures claim,
 Our fellow-mortals all demand the same;
 As those machines by human wisdom plann'd,
 Without assisting parts must pow'rless stand;
 So man dependant is, by God's decrees,
 Link'd in one chain, He all his creatures sees.

But if Contention, Pride and Envy join'd,
 Usurp the empire of the human mind;
 If Reason yields to Passion's hand the sway,
 What can the pangs of self-reproach allay?
 Then feels the soul each cruel pang it gave,
 Severely punish'd from the silent grave;

No restitution is accepted there,
 And vain Repentance rises to despair.
 Cease then, oh man ! all cruel impious strife,
 And reap the harvest of a well-spent life ;
 No past offence, no black remorse shall dare
 Approach thy soul, and sink thee in despair ;
 No ill-tim'd passion, no unkind debate,
 Shall it past crimes repay with added weight ;
 The lenient hand of time shall calm each grief,
 And past benevolence secure relief ;
 For moral virtue will life's ills beguile,
 And make ev'n Death's approach with comfort smile.

A P O R T R A I T.

TUNE high your harps, ye tuneful Nine !
 To sound Philemon's praise ;
 Fair Sisters, all your pow'rs join,
 To aid my feeble lays.

His Eyes, the index of the mind,
 Express his feeling heart ;
 Good sense, fair truth, and honour join'd,
 Each word, each act impart.

That faultless form by him possess'd,
 No haughty airs debase,
 The wish of ev'ry heart confess,
 Such pow'r has native grace.

Ye fair, take heed, nor fondly gaze,
 One look enslaves your hearts ;
 His mind such magic charms displays,
 Such bliss his worth imparts.

M U S I C.

SERAPHIC harmony our souls inflame,
 With strains divine ! to hail our Maker's name :

Our bosoms glow with sacred pure desire,
 To imitate the hymns of heav'n's full choir.
 While louder chords the hero's bosom warms ;
 He danger dares, and pants for wars alarms :
 The gen'rous steed, with new-born vigour, flies,
 He paws the ground, the battles heat defies.
 Her dulcet sounds bids tender wishes rise ;
 The lover reads them in his fair one's eyes :
 Thus harmony divine ! bids discord cease,
 And tunes the ruffled soul to smiling peace.

The Q U E S T I O N.

W H I L E you, possesst of ev'ry charm,
 To win the heart appear ;
 How can I 'gainst such merit arm,
 Such conqu'ring pow'rs you bear ?
 Fear not to trust thy heart, for I
 Will keep it safe from care,
 It's will to execute I'll fly,
 And all its sorrows share.

If e'er it seems inclin'd to stray,
 Or seek another home,
 With humble sighs I'll court its stay,
 Nor shall it vagrant roam.
 Thus, Florio, would I use that heart,
 So highly priz'd by me,
 But, say dear youth, how you would treat,
 That heart which beats for thee?

Perhaps e'er Cynthia's course was run,
 Fond foolish maid, adieu,
 My task is o'er now thou art won,
 I am not bound to you :
 Return my wand'ring heart, which I
 Have to gay Cloe giv'n,
 Retire, weak maid, to some dark cell,
 And try to merit heav'n.

TO ALTAMONT, on his Birth-Day.

HAIL to the morn which fill'd the parent breast
 With joy compleat, and gave thee to the light ;
 In all the charms of infant beauty drest,
 To fill a noble lineage with delight.
 In guiltless joys thy spring of life was past,
 Nor clouds of ill o'er-cast thy playful eye ;
 Joys pure as those, may riper reason taste,
 And all your days on wings of pleasure fly.

By Virtue rul'd, may'st thou be ever blest
 With ev'ry joy indulgent heav'n can give ;
 May ev'ry sorrow fly from thy lov'd breast,
 Nor leave one pang that friendship can't relieve.
 To point out Vice where e'er she speeds her way,
 Virtue a task to all her son's has giv'n :
 But pow'rs immortal should the Muse display,
 Who means to paint the noblest work of heav'n.

Soar high, ye Nine, pierce yonder lucid sphere!
 And from his native skies your numbers bring;
 Tune all your golden harps with sacred care,
 And teach my grateful Muse his worth to sing.

If to be gen'rous as the Sun's wide ray,
 With care to nourish Honour's sacred flame;
 If with some friendly deed to mark each day,
 If to be great, you claim immortal fame!
 If to suppress the widow's rising sigh,
 And with thy Orphan friend to drop a tear;
 If acts like these, to heav'ns tribunal fly,
 To God and man thou wilt be ever dear.
 Thy gen'rous bosom feels another's woes,
 And pity reigns majestic on thy cheek;
 And when thy soul with soft compassion glows,
 Thine eyes expressive of its dictates speak.

Call not this flatt'ry, the earth-born dame

Dares not the paths of love and friendship tread ;
 From heav'n the sacred, Sister-blessings came,
 At whose approach each sordid inmate fled.

While round thy brow unnumbered graces move,
 Each look, each act, thy faultless mind displays ;
 Thy life's whole tenor all thy virtue's prove,
 And call forth wonder, love, esteem, and praise.
 Then let my raptur'd soul confess thy pow'r,
 And paint the force of all thy matchless worth ;
 Thy mental charms has made my soul adore,
 And gave my gratitude and friendship birth.

Guard then thy sacred charge with watchful care,
 And give thy soul untainted to its heav'n :
 Ah ! let not vice, by treach'rous arts impair,
 Those blessings which thy smiling fate has giv'n.
 May chaste desires your youthful bosom warm,
 Nor lawless wishes warp your guiltless soul ;
 May Virtue, with her train of beauties charm,
 And each successive year on blessings roll.

Unbid by Av'rice, may some gentle heart,
 Pour all its love and duty on thy breast,
 Where you delighted may each joy impart,
 Or thy full bosom sigh itself to rest.

Swift from thy side may pain for ever fly,
 And on thy cheek the rose its bloom renew;
 May Friendship's ray still sparkle in thine eye,
 And heav'n's unceasing care be fixt on you..
 Father of all! eternal pow'r supreme!

My prayer for this, thy noblest work receive,
 Around his brow let all thy mercies beam,
 And each new sun some new-born blessing give.
 To heav'n's high orb his deeds ye angels wing;
 Where peace eternal reigns, his feat prepare :-
 Where he may grateful hallelujah's sing,
 Nor mortal pains or fears his blifs impair.

The INVOCATION, to the same.

YE sacred pow'rs, from whom all blessings flow,
 On my lov'd friend each human bliss bestow !
 Sorrow and pain far from his bosom fly,
 Nor let him know but by its name, a sigh :
 Virtue watch o'er him, never quit his side,
 But thro' life's dang'rous wilds be thou his guide.
 Honour, do thou his ev'ry thought inspire,
 And gentle Pity crown its sacred fire.
 Calm be his sleep and free from dreams of ill,
 While pleasing visions each idea fill :
 Watch ever round his couch, ye heav'nly band,
 And guard his slumbers from each hostile hand.
 And when the lark tunes first his matin lays,
 Awake his soul to sound his maker's praise,
 Oh, fill his breast with energy divine !
 While to admire, revere and praise be mine.

On WIT and WISDOM.

AS the fair rose exceeds its prickly shell,
 So Wisdom's flow'rs the briars of Wit excel.
 Learn then betimes her sacred laws to prize,
 And rightly judge of witty men and wise.

On SYLVIA'S LAP-DOG.

TO sing fair Sylvia's fav'rite's praise,
 Is more than even Dryden's bays ;
 Or Congreve's nectar-dropping quill,
 In flowing numbers could distill.
 Faddle, pretty, charming creature,
 Purest piece that ever nature
 Form'd to please a lady's eye,
 Favour'd, tho' her Strephon's by.
 Lovely he is, and smooth as fawns,
 And brisk as lambkins on the lawns ;

As pure and chaste as turtle dove,
 True to his Chloe and to love.
 In ev'ry limb and joint of his,
 There's not a shade, or stroke amiss;
 Short filken hair, of silver white,
 And teeth that *only* foes will bite.
 Eyes black and smooth as polish'd jet,
 And bright as gems in ophir set.
 Short back, and feet that little are,
 And graceful tail tipt with a star.

His lady's virgin lap by day,
 He makes his soft recess from play;
 At night, when soft sleep invites to rest,
 Her Strephon is not half so blest:
 By her soft couch he lays him down,
 Nor fears her coy reproving frown.

A M A N D A.

AMANDA was by all esteem'd,
 While fickle fortune kindly beam'd :
 A ray of ev'ry native grace,
 Smil'd sweetly in her chearful face ;
 By which her heav'n-born soul within,
 As thro' a chrystal orb was seen.

All hail'd the good Amanda's name,
 All help'd to raise her spotless fame :
 The hopeful youths of gentle race,
 And courtly maids to her gave place :
 The latter shew'd no proud disdain,
 Her honour was so free from stain ;
 The former fought by ev'ry art,
 To be the fav'rites of her heart.
 While she in ev'ry virtue shone,
 And plac'd her blifs in God alone.

The pen she rul'd with learned skill,
 The pencil too obey'd her will ;
 Songs of her own seraphic fire,
 She sweetly chaunted to her lyre :
 Her lyre so softly touch'd, and proud
 Of such sweet numbers, told aloud
 The fair one's pow'rs, and charm'd the croud.
 The pen, the pencil, distaff, all ;
 Music and Muses softer call,
 Proclaim'd her skill'd in ev'ry art,
 To mend or charm the coldest heart.
 The learn'd page was her delight,
 O'er that she pass'd the silent night,
 When thought collected, free from noise,
 From wisdom gathers lasting joys :
 Her fragrant flow'rs where e'er she found,
 Tho' blooming in a heathen ground,
 She eager crop'd, and kiss'd and press'd,
 And wore them ever in her breast.

Her taste was pure, her honour such,
 She shrunk from e'en the slightest touch
 Of Folly's hand, or vicious Mirth,
 Of vice, and hell, the monst'rous birth.
 A gen'rous thought, for all she felt,
 Soft Pity in her bosom dwelt ;
 Nor one afflicted, sick or poor,
 Went unassisted from her door.
 But Virtue tho' 'tis prais'd by all,
 Yet few will hearken to her call.

Amanda fled from crouds and noise,
 And past her hours in guiltless joys ;
 Joys that from virtuous actions rise,
 Deep hidden far from vulgar eyes :
 Joys of a pure angelic kind,
 Which Faith and Virtue ever find.
 But ah ! the dark unhappy fate,
 That on the best of mortals wait !

God tries his chosen here below,
 Then leads them where true pleasures flow.
 The scene was chang'd, misfortune came,
 Amanda was no more the same;
 The tide was turn'd, and now no more
 Amanda's honour'd as before:
 Pride, Malice, Envy that before,
 Disarm'd, durst not approach her door;
 But couchant lay, nor dar'd appear,
 Aw'd by the virtue of the fair;
 Now break their former chains with ease,
 And on the hapless victim seize:
 For the base world misled by show,
 And judging still as rumours go,
 No diff'rence makes 'twixt right or wrong,
 But as a flood runs swift along;
 And undistinguish'd carries all
 Before it, in its rapid fall.
 So Fame unjust, with greedy ears,
 Flies swift abroad with what it hears.

Thus was Amanda's spotless name,
 In atoms torn, by treach'rous Fame :
 None honor had enough to make,
 A cautious judgment for her sake ;
 But as they saw, they judg'd like those
 Whose sickly fancies oft transpose,
 A pigmy shade to giant size
 When midnight gloom pervades the skies.
 Had the rash world a moment staid,
 To form right judgment of the maid ;
 Their gall to pity would have turn'd,
 Nor the meek suff'rer rudely spurn'd.
 But Justice slept, so God ordain'd,
 To him alone her soul complain'd ;
 For strength she pray'd, while all around
 Sought deeper still to make the wound :
 And fell Detraction, tho' she knew
 Each scandal false, her honour true,
 Supreme in kindred bosoms reign'd,
 Whose harden'd hearts, her plea disdain'd.

But say if on this earth there be,
 That one from fell detraction free?
 Amanda's now no longer fair,
 No longer Friendship's sacred care!
 Want's chilling blast has nipp'd her bloom,
 And grief has fixt a pensive gloom.
 Sighs check'd in vain, her bosom rends,
 And scalding tears her cheeks descends.
 So have I seen a lovely rose,
 Fairest of all the kind that blows;
 Which once had reign'd the short liv'd queen,
 Of flow'ry tribes, and subjects green;
 All rudely from its stem, in haste,
 Torn off by some rude northern blast.
 All wither'd, hanging down its head,
 Its odour lost, its beauty fled.
 But ah! dear Maid, no more repine,
 Fear not, tho' earth and hell combine;
 Since a just God, who reigns on high,
 Sees not with man's weak erring eye:

He views thy spotless soul, and knows,
 Thy outward wrongs, and inward woes :
 And tho' thy shepherd sleeps awhile,
 Yet God again will on thee smile.

His wand'ring sheep, again he'll lead
 To pastures fair, where thou shalt feed ;
 Where fountains of eternal rest,
 Those living waters of the blest,
 Shall wash rememb'rance from thy breast,
 And lull thee to eternal rest.

Tho' suff'ring here, yet fear no ill,
 For God's thy guide and shepherd still :
 Then shalt thou see thyself, now base,
 Reflected back a cherub's face ;
 And there for all thy sad alloy,
 Thy soul shall drink full draughts of joy :
 Joys that shalt make thee fresh as spring,
 All over spirit, life and wing.
 Be sad no more, see yonder cloud,
 Which just now wept, in sable shroud ;

In blue and crimson richly drest,
 So shall thy soul with light be blest.
 Turn then, oh ! turn, behold the light !
 So God shall one day make thee bright :
 Mistaken foes, who judge thee now,
 Shall own their crimes, adore ! and bow.

A M I D N I G H T T H O U G H T.

WOULD'ST thou my trembling soul aspire,
 To that all glorious heav'nly choir !
 Where Cherubims unnumber'd croud,
 To sing their Maker's praise aloud ;
 Where all the griefs that now alloy,
 Are lost in streams of endless joy.
 Set not thyself on things below,
 As thoughtless man is wont to do ;
 Rouse all thy faculties, and strive
 To climb th' immortal hill, and live

To reach that feat of bliss on high,
 Beyond the regions of the sky ;
 Which none can enter but the brave,
 Who force their passage thro' the grave.
 All things that do their kind excel,
 Within the vale of hardships dwell ;
 None ever was, or good or great,
 Who sat in Pleasures iv'ry seat :
 In vain we think by sloth to rise,
 In vain to mount the starry skies.
 Oh then, my soul, contented quit,
 The Mammon of this earthly pit ;
 Oh leave the world, or quit the skies,
 Or never hope to gain the prize.

To Mrs. S. on her being presented with an
 elegant Watch, by her Husband, on her
 Birth-Day, 20 Years after Marriage.

SAY, happiest of thy sex, by what blest art,
 Thou still art mistress of Alonzo's heart ?

What magic charm has lent its pow'rful aid,
 Still to preserve his fondness undecay'd?
 For these degen'rate days does seldom shew,
 A heart so tender, or a heart so true.

This splendid Toy a Bridegroom's gift appears,
 Tho' Hymen waves his torch o'er twenty years;
 Sigh not to see the minutess glide away,
 Not so his love, that never can decay:
 Too tight the bands which Love and Prudence make,
 Too firm they're wove for even Time to break.
 Mark what gay smiles Alonzo's face adorn,
 Grateful he hails his Anna's natal Morn!
 Sure tis a prelude to the joys of heav'n,
 When Union is to kindred bosoms giv'n.

Teach then, blest Anna, ev'ry heedless fair,
 To make her wedded Lot with thine compare;
 For from thy voice they may believe how vain
 Is Beauty's pow'r a Lover to retain:

Nor on those charms that fade, their empire raise,
 For with each circling Sun some charm decays ;
 Nor yet in full meridian trust their art,
 Which strike the *Fancy*, not *engage* the *Heart* ;
 Passion then Beauty's pow'r no longer reigns,
 But Virtue binds the heart in lasting chains ;
 Youth from the eye of Passion steals away,
 And life appears a dreary winter's day ;
 Celia's amaz'd that Damon is less kind,
 And Damon seeks in vain a charm to find.

Mistaken pair ! too late appears the cheat,
 Your hearts to Reason's dictates never beat ;
 Else had your days in bliss extatic past,
 And each new Sun rose brighter than the last :
 Unmov'd on her firm base soft Love had stood,
 And brav'd all pow'rful Time's most rapid flood.
 Thus, Anna, by thy great example fir'd,
 Each heedless female heart may be inspir'd,

With never-failing efforts to array,
 Their minds in charms that but with life decay :
 Each take thy bright example for her guide,
 And to be good, her aim and only pride.
 No more the marriage tie be made a jest,
 Nor Vice and Folly stand with Pride confest.

Down life's rough hill, may you in safety glide,
 With Love, Content, and Plenty by your side ;
 Long may indulgent heav'n Alonzo spare,
 And shield your bosom from a widow's care :
 May Health, fair goddess, reign beneath your dome,
 And ev'ry social joy there fix its home.
 May Friendship ev'ry other bliss compleat,
 And in your fate each solid blessing meet ;
 With ev'ry minute may your joys encrease,
 And as each second flies, one sorrow cease.

The A D V I C E : A S O N G .

Y O U N G Strephon, blith and handsome fwain,
 The pride and envy of the plain,
 Tript gaily o'er the green ;
 Young Lucy of the Mill sat by,
 She view'd him with attentive eye,
 And prais'd his air and mien.

But, heedless Maid, in time, ah! fly,
 Nor let this wanton shepherd try,
 Your fickle heart to gain :
 Young Damon's truth you long have prov'd,
 With fondness you'r by him belov'd,
 Then don't encrease his pain.

For you he turns your fragrant hay,
 He folds your flock at close of day,

And.

And guards your Cot by night :
Check timely then this kindling fire,
Let no vain hope your breast inspire,
Nor faithful Damon flight.

The choicest fruits to you he brings,
The Nightingale who plaintive sings,
For thee his snares beguile :
With cold disdain, and froward brow,
You spurn his gifts, nor thanks bestow,
Nor even deign to smile.

Be then advis'd, next Lammas day,
To Church, and with the Parson say,
I take thee Damon true ;
The grateful swain with joy will cry,
At length the magic knot we tye,
Which makes one heart of two.

With jocund joy the bells shall ring,
The gay deck'd bridal Lasses sing,

While

While Cupids flutter round :
 No Maid so blest as Lucy fair,
 Nor Swain so true as Damon dear,
 The conq'ring Loves resound.

On receiving a NOSEGAY from a FRIEND.

LOVELY assemb'lage ! how blooming, fair and sweet !
 In thee my Phaon's num'rous graces meet ;
 Thy lively colours chear my pensive eye,
 Such brightness beams when my lov'd friend is by.
 Thy sweet perfume each sense revives and charms ;
 So Phaon's voice my grief-chill'd bosom warms.

But whither wanders my enraptur'd eye ?
 Ah, sweets ! ye all must fade, ye all must die :
 Too striking emblem of frail Beauty's pow'r,
 Which buds and blooms, the pageant of an hour.
 That you must fade, each pang renews again ;
 Despair and terror trembles in each vein,

Least Phaon's friendship should like you decay :
 But hence ! be gone, ye racking fears away ;
 See, darting thro' the gloom, a chearing ray.
 The hallow d Myrtle midst these flow'rs I view,
 Emblem of faithful Love, and Friendship true :
 Blest be the hand which crop'd the sacred balm,
 Its pow'r each fear, each doubting pang can calm.
 Plac'd near my heart, which owns soft Friendship's pow'r,
 Fair tribe, ye shall reside, and I adore,
 Your heads shall never droop, your bloom ne'er die,
 Renew'd alternate by a tear and sigh ;
 That dew of Friendship, and that breath of Love,
 Shall add new lustre, and each grace improve ;
 Each hour fresh blossoms deck a brighter green,
 And still a blooming Nosegay shall be seen.

TO PHAON, ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

AWAKE to joy, my much-lov'd Friend,
 'Tis Friendship hails the year ;
 May heav'n from ev'ry ill defend,
 And you deserve its care.

May this new Sun fresh pleasures bring,
 And health and peace attend ;
 Thy life be one eternal spring,
 Each one you know, a Friend.

May you with Competence be blest,
 And Honor be your guide ;
 May Friendship ever warm your breast,
 And sacred Truth preside.

Think not the abundance you possess,
 Is given alone to you ;
 Relieve the Virtuous in distress,
 Nor let them vainly sue.

Nor think that earthly pomp and state,
 Can purchase bliss in heav'n ;
 They cannot bribe that Judge so great,
 Whose Blood for Man was giv'n.

The present hour alone is thine,
 The future flies thy view ;
 The beggar, though he has no shrine,
 Is yet as great as you.

May you deserve each joy sincere,
 May bliss above be thine ;
 And not one mean or sordid care,
 Thy soaring soul confine.

The COMPLAINT, to ALMIRA.

ALL gracious heav'n, what words can paint my woes,
 While Grief's strong tide, in waves impetuous flows ?
 Oh ! may soft Pity in thy bosom dwell,
 While I, if grief permits, my sorrows tell.
 Our souls by Friendship's bands were early tied,
 My adverse fate, thy Friendship's force has tried.
 E'er time could teach me knowledge of mankind,
 Or learning fortify the tender mind ;

Misfortune came, in fable horror drest,
 And fixt her empire in my artless breast :
 In divers forms the dreadful Maid appear'd,
 No ray of hope my gloomy prospect clear'd ;
 And Sleep's soft god invok'd, refus'd to calm
 My lab'ring sorrows with his healing balm.
 The ills of life, and human weakness, such,
 We know too little, 'till we know too much ;
 The angry Planets their black influence shed,
 While pitying Nature penfive hung her head,
 And pitying, wept upon the cheerless night,
 Which brought me forth to mis'ry and light.
 But who can counteract stern Fate's decree ?
 In vain we struggle with our destiny
 Against ill Fortune, all our foresight fails,
 'Gainst heav'n's supreme decrees it nought avails..

But art is vain, and language too confin'd;
 To paint the conflicts of my tortur'd mind ;

And med'cines healing pow'r essays in vain,
 To cure those pangs which flow from mental pain :
 There's that within, which baffles all its art,
 A wounded Spirit, and a broken Heart.
 How long will cruel fate relentless hear,
 The heart-born sigh, and mock the flowing tear ?
 Must anguish ever wear the trembling nerves,
 Say what sad crime such dreadful pangs deserves ?
 My adverse fate from its exhaustless store,
 Has drawn one sharp, one poison'd arrow more ;
 To you its fatal message I impart,
 While heav'n beholds its rankle in my heart.
 Barb'd with the pangs of disappointed love,
 I feel each pain the human soul can prove ;

You, oh ! Almira, know the charming youth,
 Whose words, whose eyes, express'd eternal truth,
 And witness of his merit, you approv'd
 My boundless passion, and my constant love :

But ah! my friend, he has been taught to know,
 That bliss alone from wealth and honors flow;
 And if his vows your humbler friend receive,
 Shall he with-held what his kind fate can give?
 Thus urg'd, he has his tender claim resign'd,
 Nor few the pangs it cost his gen'rous mind:
 A richer Maid his broken vows receives,
 While in keen anguish thy Amanda lives;
 Far from my gazing eyes, alas! he's gone,
 My peace, my blissful hours all are flown:
 Pale sorrows rise in ev'ry path I tread,
 And ev'ry ray of future comfort's fled.

You bid me cherish hope, ah! there is none,
 While Fortune waits, and smiles on him alone;
 Reflection serves but to augment my pain,
 Since it pronounces each fond wish is vain.
 But absence, time, or woe, can ne'er allay,
 A flame encreasing with each new-born day;

'Tis only death can interrupt its course,
 Or rob my passion of its native force :
 But now Despair augments those pangs that flow,
 From black corroding Care, and fest'ring Woe ;
 For mine are griefs the heart must sink beneath,
 Since doubt is frenzy, and conviction death.
 Let Stoics write, and reason as they will,
 Frail human Nature, will be human Nature still :
 May my sad Fate, and dear bought Knowledge tell,
 How great a Curse it is to love too well.
 Why, oh ! ye pow'rs, was I not born to know,
 That bliss which from congenial bosoms flow ?
 Blest ! blest my days had been, had a kind fate
 But made me wealthy, as it made him great ;
 The soft wing'd hours had stole unheeded by,
 And mutual bliss repell'd each rising sigh.

If mutual Love on earth was giv'n,
 Ev'n holy priests would seek no other heav'n ;

But peace, impatient heart, nor dare to be,
 An impious murm'rer 'gainst heav'n's decree :
 Had Florio but with equal ardor lov'd,
 My raptur'd soul might have regardless prov'd ;
 Immers'd in temp'ral joys, and vainly great,
 Had disbeliev'd this was a mortal state.
 But sharp affliction has convinc'd me now,
 No solid bliss is to be found below ;
 Our morn's may smile, our noon's refulgent beam,
 But set in darkness, and prove life a dream.
 Such then are mine, devoted to Despair,
 Outcast from bliss, a prey to ceaseless Care.
 Hasten, rescue from herself, thy wretched friend ;
 Whose days rise cheerless, and more cheerless end.
 No soothing voice, to sooth my throbbing breast,
 No friend to lull my beating heart to rest.
 Come, Resignation, from thy bright sphere,
 And make my prostrate soul its God revere ;
 Oh ! haste kind Death, and close the horrid scene,
 But let not Florio's image rush between ;

Least my fond soul should struggle with thy pow'r,
And for one look, implore another hour.

Kind heav'n forgive my guilt, if guilt it be,
That Florio shares my parting soul with thee ;
For none but Florio could my passage stay,
From the pure pleasures of eternal day ;
But since Fate will not my fond wishes crown,
Life has no charms, and I am all thy own.

All gracious heav'n accept my fervent pray'r,
Make the dear youth thy own peculiar care ;
So shall his days in peace and honor wear :
And make the happy Maid, who e'er she be,
Adore, revere, and fondly love like me ;
As thou made human nature frail, look down,
With god-like Virtue all his actions crown,
Grant him due sense of all thy mercies shewn,
So shall he thy all-bounteous goodness own :
Let no unworthy thought his soul debase,
Nor let him dread to meet thy awful face ;

When thou command'st, may he enraptur'd soar,
 To thy right hand, and pleasures evermore ;
 Yet Florio grant the tribute of a tear,
 When death resigns me to the friendly bier :
 May ev'ry bliss Almira's Lot attend,
 A happy contrast to her wretched friend ;
 While I submit with resignation pure,
 And patient all heav'n's chaf'ning strokes endure.

To Miss -----, on Reading an ACCOUNT of
 her MISFORTUNES.

IF woes are thine, such as thy pen relate,
 Unhappy Maid ! severe is indeed thy fate :
 Oh ! how could smiling Infancy excite,
 Aught in a Father's breast, but fond delight ;
 Thy helpless age cou'd not oppose his will,
 Nor with dire purposes his bosom fill ;
 But when strong Nature fail'd to plead thy Cause,
 Vain were the menaces of human laws.

But heav'n, for ends man was not made to see,
 Permits on earth, enormous crimes to be ;
 Sparks from a nit'rous flame, not surer fly,
 Than man is born to suffer, e'er he die :
 To try our Virtue, anguish here is giv'n,
 And guiltless sighs are incense sweet to heav'n.
 Beats there a Heart which melts not at thy woes ?
 Moves there a Tongue from whence not comfort flows ?
 Surely no one can view thy pond'rous grief,
 And not unbidden, fly to give relief ;
 Such as thy fate admits, and you demand,
 From ev'ry feeling heart, and lib'ral hand ;
 For sure 'tis pain supreme for thee to know,
 The hand from whence thy num'rous sorrows flow,
 Is that which should thy infant form have rear'd,
 Fashion'd thy mind, as Reason had appear'd ;
 Careful have led thee thro' Youth's dang'rous maze,
 And from dependence have secur'd thy days :
 Not trusted to a sordid world thy fate,
 For which I blush, while I review thy state.

But hadst thou hid these crimes from public view,
 Full half their guilt had then recoil'd on you :
 To mantle Vice, is to befriend her cause,
 And aid her pow'rs to break fair Virtue's laws.
 In other's portraits oft ourselves appear,
 When moral precepts all too feeble are ?
 To wake the heart, flumb'ring in self-conceit,
 Where Pride and Folly strengthen still the cheat.
 But men, to men are mirrors where they view,
 Their Faults and Follies in a light so true ;
 The strong resemblance ever strikes the mind :
 With truths, to which self-love before was blind.

Ye blooming Maids and gentle Youths, who are
 Blest with a fond indulgent Parent's care ;
 Guard well the precious gift kind heav'n bestows,
 Cherish the source whence all thy safety flows ;
 With Duty, Love, and Tendernefs repay,
 As ye would merit at that awful day ;

When heav'ns just sentence of eternal pain,
 Shall those await, who Duty's laws profane.
 And ye stern Fathers blame not W---'s bold pen,
 She paints no *Parent*, but the worst of men ;
 Nor fear your blooming Offspring should behold,
 Those scenes of guilt, her wants alone unfold :
 Your duty paid, the Contrast *their's* will bind,
 And fill with sacred awe, the filial mind.
 Crimes such as this sad Orphan's pen employ,
 Alone can Children's reverence destroy ;
 Or cancel acts of Love, which want a name,
 Or end that gratitude, fond Parents claim.
 For you, ye Critic herd, with jaundic'd eye,
 Hence ! far from these moving harmless pages fly ;
 Vent not your spleen where Mis'ry's voice alone,
 In humble, artless accents makes her moan ;
 Hurl your harsh censures on the pois'nous pen,
 Which not correct, but daily vitiate men ;
 Which Vice in each enchanting form has drest,
 That can corrupt and tempt Youth's pliant breast ;

Itself, its Maker's image to debase,
 At once its Country's curse, and its disgrace :
 Be such the objects of thy honest frown,
 Nor let such foes to Virtue fill the town.
 May pitying heav'n the suff'ers wrongs repair,
 Unite, ye Good, and snatch her from despair ;
 And let her meet from you, a Parent's care.

TO Miss MARIA S. on her BIRTH-DAY.

THE ruddy morn bids joys arise,
 To hail thy natal day ;
 May each fond wish ascend the skies,
 Which guides my heart-felt lay.

May ev'ry good and joy attend,
 And blooming health be thine ;
 Warm as the wishes of thy friend,
 On thee may Fortune shine.

In this frail state may you remain

From ev'ry sorrow free ;

And may the smiling Fates ordain,

Eternal bliss for thee.

The W I S H.

LET the fordid mind for riches toil,

And make mankind its slaves :

Let Av'rice nature's works dispoil,

And dare the raging waves.

Say can Wealth bid Contentment live

In craving Souls below ?

Can Pow'r a peaceful Conscience give,

Or bid bright Virtue glow ?

From cradles we admire what's gay,

And catch at glitt'ring toys :

And as our fancy teems each day,

Grasp still imperfect joys.

My higheſt Wiſh I now declare,

May I with means be bleſt ;

To ſnatch the wretched from deſpair,

And eaſe the lab'ring breaſt.

Where Miſ'ry is to Virtue join'd,

There fix my conſtant care ;

With Precepts fill the untaught mind,

And teach it heav'n to fear.

May I ne'er bluſh my thoughts to own,

Though devious from the croud ;

But ſpurn each Vice from Cuſtom grown,

Which Virtue's rays o'ercloud.

We live not for ourſelves alone,

But freely to impart,

Our aid and care to ev'ry one,

Who feels Miſfortune's dart.

My hand ſhall check the riſing tear,

Or ſhare the Suff'ers woe,

I'll cheriſh Merit, Truth revere,

While Life's warm ſtream ſhall flow.

ELEGY on Mrs. SUSANNAH ALLASON, Relict
 of the Rev. Dr. ALLASON, of Middleton,
 in the Bishoprick of Durham, who endured
 many Years illness with exemplary Patience.

HERE on the lap of earth, her native bed,
 The softest pillow for an aching head;
 See the long dying, patient sufferer laid.
 In peace she rests, a tempest-beaten flow'r,
 Conq'ers of years, yet Conquest of an hour.
 So falls the bravest champion of the wood,
 The goodly Oak, that long expos'd has stood,
 To all the shocks of a rude blust'ring war,
 To winds and rain, and rebels of the air;
 After a gen'rous conflict with them all,
 At length by one strong master-stroke doth fall.

Thus she, but ah! I tremble to relate,
 How great her Courage, and how hard her Fate.

Cities we read, and citadels of rock,
 Of ten long Summers siege, have borne the shock ;
 But for a wall of flesh, a house of clay,
 Thus to endure, is more than Man can say.
 Who, but the mark of heav'n's peculiar care,
 Could such sharp pangs with pious calmness bear ?
 Weak trembling Mortals, soon as terrors come,
 Faint, droop, and shrink into the friendly tomb.
 But she to impious murmurs ne'er did yield,
 Smil'd e'en in pain, and bravely kept the field :
 Thro' stormy billows, and a sea of tears,
 Urg'd on her heav'nly task for twenty years.
 But thro' the longest and the darkest night,
 The blackest shades have their returns of light :
 Troubles, tho' ne'er so long extended, yet
 Have all their periods and their exits set.
 No more in pain she rears her humble head,
 No more sleep flies her irksome mortal bed ;
 No more distorted, rack'd with pain she lies,
 No more her bosom heaves convulsive sighs.

The stars have all their poison'd arrows spent,
 By heav'n for trial of her Virtue sent.
 Her toils are o'er, and all her grief and pain,
 Calm'd like the halcyon bosom of the main :
 Her labour's over, and her warfare done,
 And one unceasing reign of bliss begun :
 For if afflictions wing the soul to God,
 She was most blest, beneath his chast'ning rod.
 Patient she bore Oppression's iron hand,
 Convinc'd it mov'd by God's express command ;
 To him she left her injury's to repay,
 And for forgiveness for her Foes did pray.
 May her example ev'ry breast inspire,
 So may our souls to heav'nly bliss aspire.

V I C E a n d V I R T U E .

TR I U M P H A N T Vice may for a while,
 Mistaken Man's weak heart beguile ;

In gaudy pomp and lustre shine,
 With Venus sup, with Bacchus dine ;
 The good despise, and trample on
 The useful, and the honest one :
 But sooner shall the king of kings
 Invert the right and wrong of things,
 Then let the innocent and just,
 Submit to stripes from kindred dust.

But Vice a while, tho' bright as day,
 Shall soon like setting Suns decay ;
 And Innocence, tho' veil'd in night,
 Shall soon as rising Suns grow bright :
 Suns that shall never set again,
 But shine eternal with a train
 Of endless glories, brighter far,
 Than Suns and Stars together are ;
 While all the pomp of Vice and Pride,
 Shall like unceasing waters glide,

And never more behold the day,
But in eternal darkneſs lay.

To T. O. Eſqr. who was Born on CHRIST-
MAS-DAY.

THE ſacred, awful morn ! which gave thee Birth,
To uncreated worlds ſalvation gave ;
To contrite finners, hope, and peace on earth,
Death loſt its ſting, and Vict'ry fled the grave.

Thy Saviour came in humble meekneſs dreſt,
His matchleſs ſuff'rings prov'd his boundleſs love ;
For thee the jav'lin pierc'd his guiltleſs breaſt,
That thou might taſte eternal bliſs above.

Then let thy grateful thanks to heav'n aſcend,
Mark'd by thy Birth the fav'rite child of heav'n ;
With humble heart thy Saviour's ſteps attend,
Much is expected where great wealth is giv'n.

Thy bounteous God has richly stor'd thy mind,
 With ev'ry principle that's good and great ;
 While Learning has thy native dross refin'd,
 And form'd thee to deserve a smiling fate.

Let not Ambition, with her cheating ray,
 Or senseless Mirth, thy precious hours employ ;
 Let no one act disgrace thy natal day,
 And rob thy bosom of internal joy.

By thy great Master's bright example led,
 Ah ! let not rage unharmonize thy voice ;
 Let soft Compassion grace thy ev'ry deed,
 And make the Suff'ers sighing heart rejoice..

Pursue, with steady aim and pious care,
 That path which leads to God and peace below ;
 So shall thy morns a smiling aspect wear,
 Nor starts of guilt thy balmy slumbers know.

For ever keep thy natal hour in view,
 And ne'er shalt thou from Virtue's dictates stray,
 So heav'n shall pour each earthly bliss on you,
 And crown thy labours with eternal day.

LOVE and FRIENDSHIP.

To Miss M I R A S-----.

DEAR Mira, were it possible to find
 Two kindred souls in Hymen's fetters join'd :
 Nought then on earth could interrupt our joy,
 But Love and Peace would ev'ry hour employ.
 To see the Bullrush wedded to the Oak,
 The gen'rous Steed with Tygers in a yoke ;
 The Hawk or Eagle woo the Turtle-dove,
 Or Wolves to harmless Lambkins making love ;
 How strange 'twould seem, the same with nymphs and swains,
 Who heedless rush into the nuptial chains.

Forbear then, ah ! ye Youths and Virgins fair,
 Heedless to wander into Cupid's snare ;
 To brave the winds on troubl'd sea is sad,
 To venture on the sea of Love's as bad :
 Unless each vessel does in concert ride,
 With union flags, and jointly stem the tide.
 Circe's dread shore no greater ills surround,
 Than in Love's dang'rous voyage are found ;
 Syrens to lure us ev'ry where are set,
 But faithful hearts are rarely to be met.
 Oh ! sacred Friendship, sweet extatic sound,
 Where art thou Love ! where Friendship's to be found ?
 Thou art the basis of a lasting Love,
 All other spurious or abortive prove ;
 Thou art, by Nature's strict command allied,
 In filken bands of pure affection tied :
 Both sacred are, when center'd in one frame,
 And form one lasting one celestial flame !
 Love's sacred temple on thy basis rear'd,
 Is consecrate to heav'n ;---by men rever'd :

The cement then is stronger knit by far,
 Than closest joints in master-buildings are ;
 Rich blessings drop around in gentle show'rs,
 And Life's fair tree is hung with fruits and flow'rs.
 No arts of foes, or incidents of life,
 Can work the least unkindness, pain, or strife.
 What then is pow'r, or gold, or rank, or pride,
 Or all the splendor of the world beside ?
 They're trifling all, no pleasures are so sweet,
 As those which in congenial tempers meet.
 Not all the wealth which dares the faithless seas,
 Nor all the beds of down, or Stoics ease,
 Can make so sweet, so soft a couch as these. }
 Elisian poppies lull the pair to rest,
 And dreams of bliss make e'en their slumbers blest :
 If heav'n a kindred heart should deign to give,
 Then haste, dear Maid, the Gordian knot to weave :
 The soul for solitude was ne'er design'd,
 God gave the word, and blest'd the social mind.

From faithful Love, and sacred Friendship flow,
The only real lasting bliss below.

PARAPHRASE on the 11th PSALM.

SECURE the ship in stormy tempest rides,
If safely moor'd in farthest inland tides ;
Safe too the fabrick on its basis stands,
That's built upon a rock, and not on sands :
They build on rocks, and rest on Aaron's rod,
Serene as heav'n, and safe who trust in God.
Let inundations of distresses flow,
Let all the blasts of worldly sorrows blow,
Let men and devils shoot their arrows keen,
They cannot hurt, whom God delights to screen ;
In thee, Oh Father ! I my trust repose,
No more I dread the pow'r of mortal foes :
For fearless innocence approv'd on high,
Smiles at drawn daggers, and their points defy.

Me, oh ! my God, thou from my youth hast led,
 Why then should I fierce Bulls of Basan dread ?
 For though I walk in Death, I fear no ill,
 Thou art my Light, my Hope, and anchor still.

EPITAPH on the AUTHOR'S PARENTS.

STOP, Traveller---tread soft---with rev'rence drop a tear :
 The ashes of God's best work--an honest man lies here ;
 Heav'n to his pray'rs a faithful partner gave,
 In life united---shares the silent grave.
 Each heav'nly Virtue join'd to form her life,
 True Friend, fond Mother, and unequal'd Wife.

ECCLESIASTES, Chap. xi. Ver. 1.

“ Cast thy bread upon the waters : for 'thou shalt find it
 “ after many days.”

OH thou of little faith, why dost thou hoard
 Thy shining pelf, thou, Miser, why ?
 So load with costly fare thy crouded board ;
 Deaf to the Widow and the Orphan's cry ?

Look round, and see how many fellow-worms,
With meagre looks implore thy needful aid;
Rejoic'd to taste of thy superfluous crumbs,
Which thou to waste are not afraid.

“ Gather the crumbs, that none be lost,”
Said Jesus, when he dealt his heav'nly bread;
Shall we not save them from our cost,
To feed the poor, when we by heav'n are fed?

Oh Faith! oh Charity! sweet twins,
Offspring of heav'n! oh, had we
One grain to bury with our sins,
How would it shoot into a goodly tree.

Pray then for Grace, with hope disperse abroad,
Thy pearls in alms, as seed into the ground;
They'll not be lost, tho' coarse and deep the road,
But at the last a golden crop be found.

TO CHARLES L. ESQ. ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

ACCCEPT these untaught numbers, nor refuse,
 The grateful tribute of an infant Muse ;
 Whose only merit is to sing thy worth,
 And celebrate the morn which gave thee birth.
 Man born to woe, is not allow'd by fate
 To taste of joy, but in his infant state ;
 For time steals all those blissful hours away,
 And peace deserts us with each fleeting day :
 Mature age demands man's ev'ry pow'r,
 To seize the blessings of each passing hour.
 Oh ! may thy bosom no affliction know,
 May nought but happiness around thee flow ;
 When Pleasure woos you to her treach'rous arms,
 And fond pursuits your panting bosom warms ;
 Let not example, worth like thine destroy,
 Nor wreck thy peace for one polluted joy.

Still be thy mind as faultless as thy face,
 The keenest Satire on a vicious race.
 May Virtue's dictates make you truly great,
 And no dark moments hover o'er your fate :
 Be all your days unclouded and serene,
 Nor pain, or guilt, or sorrow intervene.
 May Providence from ev'ry ill defend,
 And blameless pleasures on thy will attend ;
 May heav'n my wishes crown, sincere they flow,
 And mark thy days with ev'ry good below ;
 May Friendship's ray gild ev'ry gloomy hour,
 And thus in all his works thy God adore :
 May blooming health a mind at ease confess,
 And heav'n thy soul with peace eternal bless.

To a Popular CANDIDATE at an ELECTION
 in the Year 1776.

AND is it thus a servile herd repay,
 Thy firm resistance 'gainst despotic sway,

And

And thus their Patriots crown?

Ungrateful Britons was thy sacred care,
For them thou didst each threaten'd danger dare,
And brav'd thy Sov'reign's frown.

Say, where is England's guardian genius fled?
She droops appall'd, oppress'd she hangs her head,
Nor spreads her sacred flame.

Cato, arise! awake our slumb'ring guard,
But oh! conceal her Patriot son's reward,
And hide Britannia's shame.

Tho' at thy wrongs my soul indignant glows,
Yet Pity for my bleeding, falling Country flows,
And bids me plead her cause;
Do thou, tho' injur'd, still thy wrongs forego,
Swift snatch the Cyprus from fair Freedom's brow,
And fix her trembling Laws.

View Belifarius, tho' proscib'd and blind,
 Still lab'ring with a firm heroic mind,
 To save the Roman name;
 Revenge unfated, fled his noble breast,
 He mourn'd his Prince by sycophants oppress,
 And sacred held his fame.

Proud Rome alike her Regulus can boast,
 Shall Britain, by internal tempests tost,
 Produce not one brave son?
 Who, proof 'gainst ribbands, contracts, proof 'gainst fear,
 Who, uncorrupt, thro' golden seas can steer,
 And all State quick-sands shun.

Yes, such there are, unite and rival Rome,
 Scorn private ends, lead on to Freedom's dome;
 Avert th' impending fate;
 Ages to come shall hail each guardian name,
 And stamp those Hero's with immortal fame,
 Who sav'd a sinking State.

On the MESSIAH.

WHEN infant harmony as yet was young,
 And sacred numbers warm'd the Poets tongue ;
 To purge from native Vice the human soul,
 To wake the Passions, and enlarge the whole ;
 For this great end was Poetry design'd,
 At once to regulate, and please the mind.
 But now, alas ! in this degen'rate age,
 The taints of Vice pollute the Poets page ;
 No more they sing their great Creator's praise,
 Nor tune their soften'd lyres to heav'nly lays.

But thou, my Muse, thy artless Bard inspire,
 With purer judgement, and diviner fire ;
 To nobler subjects guide thy humble wing,
 And praise his name who gave thee pow'r to sing.
 Disdain the path degen'rate Poets trod ;
 Nor think it mean to celebrate thy God.

Since choirs of angels in thy song shall join,
And golden harps thy harmony refine.

Long had the pow'r of Satan rul'd the earth,
And latent seeds gave fertile Evil birth ;
In vain of Vice the hoary Seers complain,
And Prophets threat the stubborn race in vain :
With scorn the sacred Messengers were heard,
They were revil'd, nor their great God rever'd.
But obstinately bent, and firm to Vice,
Their precepts scorn'd, and his great pow'r despise.
Isaiah now foretold Messiah's birth,
Peace and salvation to the sons of earth ;
That sounds of war their direful rage should cease,
And all the earth be universal peace :
The impious world should wage revenge no more,
The threat'ning thunder should no longer roar :
O'ercome with shame, Iniquity lie dead,
And banish'd Virtue rear her injur'd head.

For thankless man, his great Creator dies,
 Himself the God, himself the sacrifice ;
 For them with pain the galling cross he bore,
 For them he wept, who ne'er could weep before :
 For them his shoulders felt the pond'rous load,
 When faint with toil, he trod the rugged road.
 When harden'd murd'ers stood relentless by,
 Nor dropt a tear from a repenting eye ;
 When rescu'd sinners should have eas'd his moan,
 Paid tear for tear, and utter'd groan for groan :
 For us with thorns his sacred temples bled,
 While crimson drops bedew'd his Godlike head.
 For us he bore th' insulting soldier's scorn,
 Suppress'd his anguish, and forbore to mourn.
 What pangs, alas ! what ecstasy of smart,
 Must rend my great Redeemer's bounteous heart !
 When torn with spears, and red with sacred gore,
 Those eyes were clos'd, which bless'd the world before.
 But, ah ! he dies

The trembling accents falter on his tongue,
 Yet gracious blessings on those accents hung;
 His latest breath his lasting mercy shows,
 And pours forgiveness on his cruel foes.

But now on high the angry thunders roll,
 And flashing light'nings dart from pole to pole:
 The conscious earth distends its burthen'd womb,
 And restless bodies leave the peaceful tomb:
 The marble temple from its center shakes,
 And guilty souls to midnight horror wakes:
 The conscious Sun with anger disappears,
 And just resentment shakes the trembling spheres.
 But now behold, the Son of God returns,
 Again her Lord the guilty world discerns;
 He burst the iron gates of vanquish'd Death,
 Again triumphantly receiv'd his breath:
 On cherubs pinions borne, to heav'n he flies,
 And hallelujahs waft him to the skies!

In golden orbs, he reassumes his throne,
 And wond'ring crouds th' ascending Godhead own.

On F A M E.

THOU little something, nothing, thin as air,
 Thou cheating echo, empty sound---a name ;
 Thou faithless herald---but of fools the care,
 Pride fledg'd thy wings, from pride thy power came.

What shape or hue thou'rt of, no mortal knows,
 And yet all forms and colours thou dost wear ;
 None ever felt thee, yet all feel thy blows,
 None ever saw thee, yet thou'rt ev'ry where.

Not so delightful is the blooming rose,
 So sharp as thou the serpent cannot sting ;
 Thy smiles and frowns are cast on friends and foes,
 Nor spares the peasant, warrior, or king.

Strange monster thou a paradox to tell,
 That from the fruitful womb of nothing grows ;
 Thou strange variety of good and ill,
 That from one source without distinction flows.

Thou Fairy goddess, sprung from night and day,
 Turn far from me thy treach'rous trump, oh Fame!
 'Tis conscious Virtue's never dying ray,
 Alone shall eternise my humble name.

Sweeter than incense shall her off'rings soar,
 To heav'n's high orb, and plead its servants cause,
 For thou must cease, when time shall be no more;
 While praise eternal waits God's sacred laws.

TO a CAPRICIOUS young LADY.

THO' in your eyes young laughing Cupids play,
 Yet still with prudence use your boundless pow'r;
 Nor think mankind will still your frowns obey,
 Your charms admire, and blindly still adore.
 Must Damon, still the sport of wanton fate,
 A prey to Love's capricious pow'r remain;
 Contemn'd to prove the gods severest hate,
 Known victim to thy charms, and not complain?

Cease

Cease then this strife, his faithful passion crown,
You cannot wreck his peace, and save your own.

Extempore Verse, spoken to TWELFTH-NIGHT,
In the Character of FORTUNE.

YOUR message known, at your request I'm here,
Willing I come, to hail the new-born year ;
Perhaps here's some who do their fates deplore,
But let them think on sorrows past no more :
For I, this night, unbias'd, mean to give
The lots, and banish ev'ry cause to grieve.
Each one has been prepar'd with equal care,
And light's the burthen which ye each shall bear :
Each take your chance alike, and bear with ease,
If not your wishes, yet what fate decrees.
For regal pow'r you'r anxious all,
On one alone, the envy'd lot can fall :
Be it on those who'll rule with gentle care,
And subjects you obey thro' love, not fear.

For you this night, I've left my splendid home,
 Earnest to bring of better days to come ;
 For in the future, if you well deserve,
 You all alike shall my indulgence prove.

ECCLESIASTES, Chap. xii. Ver. 8.

FOND heedless Man, forget not in your bloom,
 First fruits to offer him, from whom you come :
 Before the Sun and Moon, and Stars grow dim,
 And in thick mists your languid orbits swim ;
 Before the keepers of thine house give way,
 Thy tuneful organs cease in tune to play ;
 Before the strong men to the feeble bow,
 And all the springs of manly sense run low :
 The almond-tree with hoary head look white,
 And life's bright lamp obscur'd by shades of night.

Remember then in spring thy chiefest good,
 E're winter frosts congeal thy glowing blood ;

Before the silver cord, or golden bowl,
 Is loos'd and broke, and thy immortal soul
 Too late shall mourn its impious waste of time,
 And weep in bitter pangs each former crime.
 Before the wheels of life run slowly round,
 And the crutch points to the expecting ground.
 Before the pitcher at the fountain's broke,
 And Death uncall'd, prepares the fatal stroke.
 When thoughtless Man to his last home is gone,
 Repentance then, will not for sin atone.

THOUGHTS ON VIEWING A NEW SHIP.

WHEN I behold the Builder's art,
 In turning such dull logs of wood ;
 To such great ends, my conscious heart,
 Forebodes to me eternal good.
 For from the Acorn does the Oak
 First rise into a goodly tree ;
 Then once more humbl'd by the stroke,
 Of the keen axe all blighted lie :

'Till

'Till by the Merchant bought, is thence,

Transferr'd into the Artists hand,

Its beauty strikes th' astonish'd sense,

A stately bark upon the strand.

And from a worm than may not I,

Who did from God receive my breath ;

Tho' in the grave o'erwhelm'd lie I,

Rise purer from the sleep of Death ?

Reviving hope ! since all things round,

The Resurrection preach aloud ;

Each herb renewing, decks the ground,

And lives again, in state more proud,

And tho' I here lie down obscure,

Opprest with woe, I'll not despair,

But in full hope, my lot endure,

And for a nobler state prepare.

AN EPISTLE, in Imitation of HORACE.

VARUS, wouldst thou substantial honour gain,

Shun Flatt'ry, as thou wouldst a deadly bane ;

Praise

Praise to thy face, altho' well earn'd and just,
 Should in thy youthful bosom wake distrust.
 Honest thyself, mankind thou can'st not read,
 'Till dear bought Knowledge contradict the Creed
 Which shallow reas'ners hold, to Prudence blind,
 That Caution ever marks a guilty mind.

Waste not thy sterling worth on knaves and fools,
 Nor lengthen thou the list of Factions tools :

The Wit will praise thy parts, the needy Knave

Thy lib'ral mind extol, and humbly crave

To be thy Treasurer, and ready Slave.

While the mock Patriot calls thy warmth divine!

And moves his Puppet, as his *wants* incline:

The fawning Priest, in scraps of Latin, praise

Thy classic Knowledge, and adopt thy lays.

If you espouse on superficial ground,

A stranger's Cause, you've full employment found :

If on his errands you to great men go,

Chance but you make yourself a future foe ;

But if with smiles your suit my Lord receive,
 First wait th' event, and then you *may* believe.
 If you succeed, see him obsequious stand,
 With body humbly bent, and cap in hand,
 And swears you his best services command :
 You part warm friends, yet scarce beyond the door,
 Your face and services are known no more ;
 Success, like Lethe's stream, past woes efface,
 And leaves of benefits no grateful trace.
 True, you will still be paid, for words are cheap,
 But, if you fail, you keen reproaches reap.

Ne'er to the People's idol join thy fate,
 Least you deplore your ill-tim'd zeal too late :
 The Rabbles fondness is a restless thing,
 Ne'er true to ought above them, God or king.
 Too late thou may'st these false pursuits lament,
 Thy fortune gone, thy time in error spent ;
 From sad rememb'rance no delight you'll find,
 But, Appemantus like, detest mankind :

To falshood us'd, o'erlook the virtuous few,
 And judge of all, in one false point of view :
 Shun'd by good men, you'll pass a lonely life,
 The scorn of fools, and mark of useless strife :
 With anguish view the precepts Friendship taught,
 For Wisdom may be far too dearly bought ;
 If when too late its heav'nly worth is found,
 It only serves the conscious breast to wound.
 Not to contract thy free-born soul I aim,
 Or damp thy ardent thirst for virtuous fame,
 Or check the progress of thy rising name :
 Thy mental springs I would in safety guide
 To proper channels, free from errors tide ;
 Reduce thy will to Reason's gentle sway,
 And make each vagrant wish her will obey.
 On moral Virtue ev'ry action build,
 And all thy aims a rich reward shall yield ;
 Strive not the tender feelings to controul,
 Nor check the soft effusions of the soul.

The humid eye adorns the manly face,
 And paints the soul of high celestial race ;
 Thy faithful wife and offspring first demand
 Love and protection from thy plighted hand ::
 Thy Country next succeeds, and claims thy care,
 Not first, as mad Ambition's rules declare ;
 Behold in noble Chatham's injur'd dame,
 The faith of princes, and a people's shame.
 But if true patriots in one cause unite,
 In numbers equal to the sacred fight,
 Pour thy best blood, and do thy Country right :
 A host of virtuous men unshaken stand,
 While bawling Knaves but curse a groaning land.
 Next let mankind on equal terms possess,
 'Thy love and care, and thy kind aid confess ;
 No faith, no country, 'cause not thine, despise,
 Our actions only 'tis which reach the skies.
 Brand not the modest man with name of fool,
 Proud the reserv'd---precise who act by rule ;

The frugal covetous, the prudent fly,
 The serious dull---the circumspect a spy.
 Before you judge, for full conviction seek,
 Man's sight is short, and penetration weak ;
 Pure wisdom, like pure gold, in secret lies,
 Deep hid in mines, remote from vulgar eyes :
 All hues are yellow to the jaundic'd eye,
 But time and care will their true worth descry.
 Such precious wisdom gain'd---you then will know,
 The real worth of ev'ry good below :
 If you with Prudence steer, you'll surely find,
 Mirth crown your bowl, and sweet Content your mind ;
 Soft Peace shall guide the feeble steps of age,
 And Varus's Virtues charm each future age.

F R I E N D S H I P.

FRRIENDSHIP ! thou source of earthly joy,
 Excess of thee, can never cloy ;
 Thou endless spring of new desires,
 E'en Love without thee, soon expires.

Firm cement of social life,
 Strong shield from Envy, Care, and Strife :
 Spark celestial ! heav'nly ray !
 Bright Sun that gilds the darkest day.

Sweet child of Reason, friend of Man,
 Whose birth from Virtue first began.
 Of great and noble deeds the spring,
 Best theme that spreads the Poet's wing,
 Oh, haste, and to my bosom bring
 Joys surpassing power or gain,
 No bliss without thee long can reign.
 Haste then, and to my bosom give,
 That good alone for which I live.
 Equal Fondness, equal Love,
 Equal Truth, oh let me prove ;
 Oh, grant my heart a kindred Mate,
 The only boon I ask of Fate.

PARAPHRASE on the 12th PSALM.

OH well advis'd, oh words divine!
 Attend my soul, and make them thine.
 In vain, alas! thou seek'st for joys,
 In worldly goods, and gilded toys:
 In vain on Man thou wouldst repose,
 An aching heart, and piercing woes.
 How long will thankless Man refuse,
 Salvation and God's love abuse?
 How long in winds repose his trust,
 Or write in water, build in dust?

What if the Indies both shou'd join,
 To make their golden mountains thine;
 What if a thousand kings should meet,
 And lay their sceptres at thy feet,
 Would this relieve thy pangs within,
 Thy cares and fears, thou Man of Sin?

Oh ! learn in time then to be wise,
 And only God and Virtue prize ;
 Fix there your staff, and build your trust,
 Nor hope for blifs from fordid dust.
 The greatest monarch of the earth,
 A naked beggar is by birth ;
 And naked as he was at first,
 Must soon return again to dust,
 Rest not your faith then or deceive
 Thyself vain mortal, but believe
 The faithful Psalmist to be right,
 That vanity is not so light
 As faithless Man whose breath is in
 His nostrils, full of deadly sin ;
 The vainest thing beneath the sky,
 A crawling reptile, summer fly :
 Man true not even to himself,
 Who rests his hope on worldly pelf ;
 To that their native wishes run,
 As sun flow'rs open to the Sun.

Let then your faith on God alone,
 As on a rock, be fixt upon ;
 No lasting faith is found in dust,
 He only is, and can be just.
 In vain on Man we rely,
 The Sun alone can clear the sky.

The following Lines were written at the Request of a particular Friend of General WOLFE's --- which it is hoped will be a sufficient Apology for the Repetition of this Subject, as such an exalted Character is an inexhaustible Theme for the Muse to exercise her Powers upon.

DESCEND, Urania, and my verse inspire
 With purest harmony, and sacred fire ;
 To paint the matchless youth in numbers strong,
 Heroic, sweet as Homer's golden song :
 Strains equal to his worth---pure, manly, bold,
 Strains, like his deeds, which never can grow old.

But ah! in vain, too precious is the boon,
 Immortal pow'rs alone, the Lyre should tune.
 All that my humble verse attempts to prove,
 Is his high merits, and a nation's Love.
 To sing in artless strains th' immortal man,
 Whose fame in infancy of years began.

Mars in the cradle, view'd the wond'rous child,
 And marked him his, the infant smiled
 Assent, the god approv'd, and call'd him son,
 And round his temples twin'd his laurel crown.
 Apollo fain the honor would have had,
 And Jove himself contended for the lad:
 But Mars asserting bold his prior right,
 To him they gave the god's supreme delight.
 Yet to approve their kindness was not fled,
 Each dropt a blessing on his infant head.
 Phœbus a garland of the choicest wit,
 Compos'd of ev'ry Virtue, for him knit;

Jove, sweetness, love, and goodness, mixt with these,
 And ev'ry art, and ev'ry pow'r to please;
 While the enraptur'd parent God design'd,
 A boundless share of courage to his mind.

When to maturity the youth drew near,
 They all beheld high int'rest for their care:
 A thousand virtues beam'd with splendid ray,
 A thousand graces teem'd with every day:
 The valiant young Eugene, in him reviv'd,
 In him the Hero, and his genius liv'd:
 But he thro' years of labour but acquir'd,
 That fame which Wolfe but ask'd, and then expir'd.
 Beneath his arm the foes of Britain bled,
 Before his sword their frightened squadrons fled:
 And do *they* fly---the bleeding Hero cry'd?
 " They fly"---I thank heav'n, he said, and dy'd.

ON HORACE'S CONDEMNATION OF ALL INDIFFERENT
P O E T S.

THE AUTHOR to her MUSE.

THE Text, Urania, stares thee in the face,
And stamps thy lines already with disgrace:
But why so hard, thou mighty Bard of old,
No coin to pass as current, but pure gold?
Sure their are gems and sparks that brightly shine,
Besides large diamonds of the purest mine?
If not, no pictures should be held to view,
But what a Ruben's, or Corregio drew.
No system true, but what a Newton wrote;
No precepts good, but what a Locke has taught.
But fear not, Muse, no Critic arrows fly,
But at exalted marks, safe in an humbler sky:
Pursue the middle course, with steady wing,
And mind not what Horation satires sing.

For gen'rous minds will pardon what is wrong;
And view with friendly eye thy grateful song.

The CONSOLATION.

From PSALM xciv, Verses 16, 17, 18, 19.

WHOM, O my God! will me defend.

From those who work my woe;

Or save me from th' o'erwhelming flood,

Whence endless sorrows flow?

Even thou, my God! in whom I trust,

Shall lead me thro' the deep;

My weary soul by thee refresh'd,

No more shall sigh and weep.

The pris'ner long in dungeon pent,

Hails not returning day,

With that pure joy which I receive,

From thy omniscient ray.

That beam divine ! my soul shall guide,
 Thro' sorrows dark abode ;
 By Faith sustain'd, no ill I'll fear,
 Supported by my God.

'Twas trust in thee did Joseph lead,
 From his revengeful race ;
 To Pharaoh's throne, and prov'd thy love,
 To those who seek thy face.

Falsly accus'd,---his wounded fame,
 Truths sacred pow'r heal'd ;
 That sharpest woe, detractions sting,
 From thee is not conceal'd.

Repentant David comfort found,
 When anguish rent his breast ;
 When floods of tears bedew'd his couch,
 And inward pangs confest.

Thy saving hand a Cordial bore,
 To the fierce Lion's den ;
 To fainting Daniel, victim made,
 To fiercer Lions, Men.

When Sun nor Star resplendent shine,
 And Job in darkness wept ;
 His mental Eye thy light explor'd,
 Where Mercy never slept.

If thro' Affliction's thorny way,
 Thy will should make me tread,
 Grant that on thee I may repose,
 And rest my drooping head.

My soul resign'd, shall humbly bend,
 No fears my bosom fill ;
 Thy spirit shall my strength renew,
 My cup with nectar fill.

On Dr. WATTS's Divine POEMS.

HAIL, happy Bard, whose favor'd Muse,
 On wing immortal soars ;
 Whose heav'n bent eye, the wide expanse
 Of yon wide arch explores.

The spheres alone thy rivals are,
 Whose harmony divine !
 Compos'd by seraphs, scarce can keep
 In unison with thine.

Thy strains in sweeter cadence flow,
 Than Siloa's sacred spring ;
 Whose lucid face, reflects the throne,
 Of heav'n's eternal king !

No more let modern Bards aspire,
 Their earth-strung harps to raise ;
 Thy heav'n inspir'd strains alone,
 Could reach Jehova's praise.

Homer has sung the hero's toil,
 And wars destructive rage ;
 Such meaner themes could ne'er approach,
 Thy sacred healing page.

Tho' Maro, led by Nature's hand,
 Has trac'd with happy art,
 The joys of Arno's guiltless swains,
 Such strains touch not the heart.

Ovidian softness ne'er can charm,
 Oppos'd to Reason's pow'r,
 And Prior's wit imparts no joy,
 Beyond the festive hour.

But thy sublimer strains awake
 The Sinner's torpid soul ;
 And points the path which he must tread,
 To reach the promis'd goal.

Faith, Hope, and Charity, thy train,

Their sacred pow'rs employ,

To guide us thro' the narrow gate,

Which leads to endless joy.

Each ruffled passion tun'd to Peace,

By thy sweet Lyric song ;

While list'ning angels from on high,

Unseen around thee throng.

What earthly hand shall dare presume

To range, by rules of art,

Thy sweeter strains, since Music's pow'r,

Can no such sounds impart ?

Not Handel's wond'rous skill could reach

Great Milton's sacred fire ;

Whom then shall dare prophane thy verse,

Or to such fame aspire ?

Thou,

Thou, thou alone, to heav'n must bear,
 Thy Hymns, thy Songs divine !
 And in thy own celestial orb,
 The holy minstrels join.

While round th' eternal King they stand,
 And join their tuneful pow'rs ;
 The arch of heav'n shall catch the sound,
 While thy wrapt soul adores.

The S E A R C H.

LONG time, by native impulse led,
 In search of happiness I stray'd ;
 The City, Court, and Camp I trod,
 The Sylvan scene, and Classic road ;
 The Convent's gloom, the Hermit's cell,
 Where sages say she deigns to dwell.
 'Mongst Pleasure's sons I sought the fair,
 For Folly told me she was there,

Unwilling still the search to end,
 'Till I had found this envy'd friend;
 In cities sure I thought to find,
 Contentment with Industry join'd;
 But Avarice there with cruel hand,
 Bore uncontroul'd, severe command;
 The wealthy Merchant counts his store,
 And grinds the poor to add still more:
 Whose wretched garb and meagre cheek,
 Their fruitless toil and wrongs bespeak.

The royal roof I next explor'd,
 In hopes it would my toil reward;
 Thro' gilded chambers on I past,
 Where all the splendor of the East
 Was lavished to allure the sight,
 And fill the gazer with delight.
 Yet strange! no friendly form was there
 To guide my search, or end my care;

No sound but Envy's hiss was heard,
 No form but foul Deceit appear'd :
 Suspicion trembled at each sound,
 And secret treasons shook the ground.
 From this sad scene in haste I turn'd,
 And its ill-fated master mourn'd ;
 Convinc'd a Crown conceals a sting,
 Nor bliss attends the name of King.

Where sounds of war invade the night,
 And fill the Vet'ran with delight ;
 I took my way, where glory leads,
 Her eager sons to noble deeds :
 But there I saw the Soldier toil,
 The titled Villain grasps the spoil ;
 The hard-earn'd honour boldly claim,
 And build on others deeds his fame.
 While tyrant pow'r refused to hear,
 The mangl'd Vet'ran's humble pray'r ;

Who starving, fights his Country's cause,
 A Slave amidst protecting laws,
 At last returns, with *leave to tread*
 Those realms he sav'd, in *search of bread*.

With eager joy to plains I flew,
 The tranquil rural scene to view :
 But here Desire, that foe to rest,
 That reigns in ev'ry human breast,
 The Peasant's envy'd lot corrodes,
 Ambition reaches low abodes.
 He reads of wealth in Cities gain'd,
 And feels his active mind restrain'd ;
 He throws with rage his plough-share by,
 And views his neighbour with a sigh ;
 Whose barns well stor'd, pronounce him blest,
 Tho' secret anguish haunts his breast.

To Learning's seats I took my flight,
 Where Oxford's turrets charm the sight ;

Where

Where Science proudly rears her throne,
 And bids the envying world look on ;
 Where on fam'd Isis' verdant side,
 Pierian nymphs and swains reside ;
 The tuneful Nine here deigns to rove,
 Nor mourn their envy'd stream above.
 But soon I saw this hallow'd ground,
 With ev'ry human vice abound ;
 Here Genius check'd by wealthy fools,
 The noxious weeds of public schools ;
 Whose dullness passes off for sense,
 As long as they can gold dispense :
 Or Tutor bribe, with *hope* of place,
 In Church, when he becomes his Grace.
 Here modest Merit humbly stands,
 With folded thumbs, and ready hands ;
 While secret pangs his bosom rends,
 With feelings born for nobler ends.
 Here mean disguise conceals with art,
 The secret spring that move the heart,

While Envy foul, and Satire keen,
 In men of greatest parts are seen.
 For pedant Pride, and bigot Rage,
 Too oft disgrace the classic page.
 Nor are the awful structures free,
 From riot and impiety ;
 Religion here in secret wept,
 Morality and Virtue slept ;
 Intomb'd in cases out of sight,
 Beneath the care of College whight.

From thence I past to Gallia's shore,
 The sacred Convent to explore ;
 For there Religion's victims lay,
 No cares disturb the tranquil day ;
 No anxious wish invade the night,
 But all is heart-felt pure delight.
 But, ah! the cheat was ill conceal'd,
 The frequent sigh, the truth reveal'd.

None fled the world for love of God,
 They only fled the rugged road,
 Where wayward passions fought in vain,
 Felicity from vice or gain.
 Each fled the world from deep disgust,
 From fouler guilt, or dark distrust,
 And vainly hop'd that heav'n would hear,
 A feign'd repentance, while the tear
 Due to departed pleasures fell,
 And stain'd with guilt the sacred veil.

From thence my way I onward bent,
 Where solitude proclaim'd content ;
 Beneath the shelter of a wood,
 An aged Hermit's bower stood :
 Secur'd alike from Northern blast,
 And scorching influence of the East ;
 From haunt of busy Man conceal'd,
 To such it only stood reveal'd,

Who fought like me, that peace to find,
 Which flies the throng of human kind ;
 Or those whom Phosphor's faithless ray,
 Leads thro' unbeaten paths astray.

At length the unbar'd door appear'd,
 Its watchful Lord my footsteps heard :

With graceful air, and smiles serene,

The hoary father led me in ;

Said, I might there repose awhile,

And chearful then, renew my toil.

With sweet delight I gaz'd around,

No wants but those of Nature found :

Rush neatly wove, his couch compos'd,

On which his aged limbs repos'd.

His shelf an Epictetus grac'd,

Near which an earthen lamp was plac'd ;

His needful scrip of ozier made,

And faithful staff his wealth display'd :

Save beachen bowls, and cups a few,

His frugal board expos'd to view.

And yet there seem'd in these bestow'd,
 Each want that Nature's voice allow'd :
 While thus employ'd---the Hermit spread,
 His uncarv'd board, with oaten bread.
 Then spread his vegetable feast,
 With hand profuse to greet his guest :
 And from the neighb'ring chrystal brook,
 Cool draughts in beachen goblets took ;
 And virgin honey from his store,
 Extracted from each fragrant flow'r.
 With joy I thought my search was o'er,
 Resolv'd to seek for blifs no more
 In City, College, Court, or Cot,
 Or vainly think she is the lot,
 Of Peasant, Warrior, or King,
 Tho' Bards their envy'd stations sing.
 With care I watch'd the Hermit's eye,
 His breast methought suppress'd a sigh ;
 And when we talk'd of social joys,
 Which ev'ry feeling heart employs,

The tear, ill check'd would silent flow,
 The faithful mark of rooted woe.
 Compassion bade me change the theme,
 And paint all earthly bliss a dream:
 Silent assent confirm'd my fear,
 And prov'd appearance *once* sincere.
 With grief I rose, my thanks I paid,
 His blessing crav'd, the Father pray'd.
 With fervent zeal, that on my way,
 No dangers might my speed delay.
 With pensive step, oppress'd with care,
 I left the Cell, while black Despair
 Forbad each hope that life would give,
 That boon for which we wish to live.
 One other path remain'd unbeat,
 Where smiling Pleasure holds her seat;
 The Temple reach'd, a splendid train,
 Proclaim'd her pow'r and wide domain.
 Here Riot rul'd with boundless sway,
 And Night usurp'd the throne of Day;

While each with eager rapture flew,
 To seize the half-born bliss in view.
 Each path with blooming flow'rs was spread,
 Sweet vi'lets deck'd each mossy bed ;
 And golden bowls of nectar crown'd
 With new blown roses, swift went round :
 While choirs of smiling Cupids strung
 Their Paphian harps, and sweetly sung
 The charms of wine, and joys of Love,
 And ev'ry bliss their votives prove.
 But, ah ! the mantling bowl conceal'd,
 The seeds of Death too late reveal'd ;
 The blooming rose contain'd a dart,
 That deeply pierc'd the erring heart.
 In ev'ry path a serpent lay,
 And subtly watch'd his easy prey ;
 While Poverty brought up the rear,
 Attended by the fiend Despair.

What region now could I suppose
 Did earthly happiness enclose?
 'Twas plain the heav'nly Maid was flown,
 And occupied a brighter zone.
 The fruitless task I here resign'd,
 And fought her in my humble mind;
 Determin'd to pursue the road,
 That mark'd by Virtue, leads to God.
 For this great end my home I fought,
 Possess'd with hope, and serious thought.
 When, lo! the long-sought Maid appear'd,
 And thus my doubting bosom cheer'd:
 Pursue, she cried, thy virtuous aim,
 Nor henceforth know me, but by name:
 That you no more in vain may roam,
 I will reveal my envy'd home;
 In virtuous minds I only dwell,
 As lovely Manchester can tell;
 Such are on earth my blest abode,
 And such I offer up to God.

This precept learn, in time be wise,
And I'll translate thee to the skies.

TO CHARLES ALEXANDER MALET, Esq.
Superintendent of English Affairs at Cam-
bay, in the East-Indies, and a Relation
of the AUTHOR's.

ACCEPT the off'ring which Uriana brings,
From Albion's shore, upon advent'rous wings;
At Friendship's call the blue-ey'd virgin soars,
And seeks with hasty flight the Asian shores:
O'er raging billows, fledg'd with hope she flies,
Thro' trackless courses, on to unknown skies.
Spurn not the Muse, whose artless numbers flow,
From sentiments, whence kindred feelings glow;
But greet her kindly, and reward her toil,
If not with approbation, with a smile:
Forgive the bold intruder's first offence,
And let the wish to please, be her defence.

Congenial minds not winds or seas controul,
 They will unite, tho' far as pole from pole.
 Then why not I the friendly wish convey,
 And sooth thy moments with my humble lay ?
 But was my pen to paint thy Country's woe,
 Thy gen'rous breast with virtuous rage would glow.
 Not Asian tyrants reign with sterner pow'r,
 Than foul Corruption o'er this awful hour :
 Venality, and thirst of arbitrary sway,
 And new oppressions mark each rising day.
 At length to check their rage, a chosen band
 Of Freedom's sons unite with heart and hand ;
 In doubtful balance hangs Britannia's doom,
 And struggling mischiefs rend Fate's burthen'd womb.
 In ev'ry teeming hour her arm we see,
 And kingdoms have their fates as well as we.
 Discord and Murmur stalk throughout the land,
 And dark suspicion shakes her Ebon wand ;
 Omens of Civil War, awake our fears,
 Her sword already half unsheath'd appears :

Reeking it comes from the Atlantic plains,
 Drench'd in the blood we drew from kindred veins :
 It comes in vengeance, for our impious spoils,
 And on ourselves with ten-fold force recoils.
 Unhappy England ! whose once dreaded name,
 Stood foremost in the highest rolls of fame,
 How art thou fall'n, insulted and disgrac'd,
 No foreign foe thy glory has abas'd ?
 But *Britons* born, and educated here,
 Points 'gainst their Country's breast, the hostile spear ;
 And Paracides in guilt, with compound art,
 Plunges the dagger in thy parent heart.

E're that the Muse can reach thy burning shore,
 The name of Freedom may exist no more :
 Or if restor'd by heav'n's assisting hand,
 Thousands must bleed to purify the land :
 The trembling Matron, like the frightened deer,
 Rush into danger, blinded by her fear ;

Thro' sacred isles the Courser's hoofs resound,
 And mangl'd limbs pollute the hallow'd ground :
 The groans of dying men, the din of arms,
 And all the countless train of war's alarms ;
 The tented vale, the seat of peace and joy,
 No more the whistling Reapers care employ ;
 No more shall safety tread the shady wood,
 But chrystal currents blush with British blood.

These are the fruits of curs'd Ambition's pow'r,
 And these the woes that threat this gloomy hour.
 Far from a scene of so much guilt and pain,
 In health and safety may you yet remain ;
 With patience wait a more auspicious hour,
 Nor seek this fatal, this distracted shore ;
 No more thy Country, thou no more her friend,
 Than she protects, do thou her rights defend.
 Should Freedom once more reign, and Plenty smile,
 Than haste to own, and bless thy native isle ;

To glad with joy a Parent's anxious heart,
 And to each kindred breast thy worth impart.
 But let not Eastern splendor warp thy soul,
 From Virtue's path, or spurn her wise controul :
 The wants of Nature are with ease supplied,
 The wants of Fancy are a ceaseless tide,
 Rushing impetuous thro' the vale of life,
 Rending our bosoms with eternal strife :
 Borne on its waves, we roam from shore to shore,
 Only to meet one fatal shipwreck more.
 With treach'rous hope our panting bosoms teem,
 But say, did life e'er realize the dream ?
 Ceaseless Desire, that bane of joy and rest,
 That wish for something which is not possess ;
 Which if once gain'd, might prove our deadliest bane,
 And in our bosoms plant acutest pain.
 Wealth brings not always joy, the middle sphere
 Of life perhaps may be exempt from fear ?
 Fate loves a lofty mark, the rich excite
 The rage of Envy, from their greater height ;

Plac'd on a pinnacle which bears to view,
 Each vice and virtue, in its native hue.
 While loaded coffers nerves the ruffian band,
 To wield the poinard with unerring hand :
 While ill-got wealth conceals an asp's sting,
 Pois'ning the streams whence social pleasures spring.

But when the noble love of human kind,
 And virtuous pride directs the active mind ;
 To seek thro' guiltless paths an honest fame,
 And raise the splendor of a drooping name ;
 On such pursuits indulgent heav'n will smile,
 And with success and honor crown the toil.
 Such then be thine, and only such the spring,
 Whence all thy actions plume their ardent wing.
 Blame not the frankness of a candid Muse,
 Thy mind tho' spotless---yet will not refuse
 The precepts offer'd from a female voice,
 Tho' weak our judgments, sometimes right our choice ;

Mine is an honest Muse, no studied art
 Pollutes the theme that issues from the heart :
 Learning might clothe the Maid in splendid dress,
 But might not more the heart-felt wish express ;
 Deign to submit to Friendship's gentle sway,
 As her first-fruits accept this humble lay.
 Command each service her wide pow'rs contain,
 So shall my heart its anxious wish obtain ;
 May all your efforts with success abound,
 And life's last stage with self-applause be crown'd.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

THE world and I have long contending been ;
 Experience taught by many a painful scene,
 At length has made the foolish wranglers friends,
 And fruitless strife tho' undecided ends.

Hope led me on, in search of bliss below,
 All seek, but none her habitation know.

I fought

I fought in vain, a broken reed I found,
 And oft a spear which gave a deadly wound :
 On its envenom'd point, Peace bleeding lay,
 And Hope expir'd beneath its baleful ray.
 The cause to learn, I fought with care to find,
 The endless mazes of the human mind ;
 Pale Disappointment o'er each wish prevail'd,
 Nor e'en the force of Virtue once avail'd.
 In vain each effort kindness could suggest,
 Conspir'd to wooe sweet Friendship to my breast ;
 Beneath her smiles she bore a poison'd dart,
 With black Ingratitude it smote my heart.
 In vain I try'd to keep my little store
 Of earthly wealth, nor felt a wish for more ;
 Save on the throbbing bosom to bestow,
 That peace and succour which I ne'er must know.
 But crouding ills the slender tenure broke,
 And hard injustice fix'd her galling yoke.
 I wearied heav'n incessantly to spare
 My Parents fondness to my ardent pray'r,

But with them, peace, protection, comfort fled,
 And ceaseless thunders burst upon my head.
 Long time I struggl'd to escape the storm,
 By ev'ry effort guiltless thought could form,
 But ah, in vain! relentless fate pursu'd,
 And wrongs repeated, ev'ry pang renew'd.
 And when I thought to reach a place of rest,
 The raging billows smote my fainting breast;
 Impetuous hurl'd me on a desert shore,
 Nor path or shelter could my eye explore.

Where then to find, beneath a threat'ning sky,
 A refuge, where my harass'd soul can fly?
 Where I can wait the kind approach of Death,
 And to the hand that gave, resign my breath?
 Heav'n knows I sought but needful comfort here,
 A kindred heart to sooth each anxious care,
 To pass in calm retirement my days,
 And form each action to Jehova's praise:

But now no wish remains, the conflict's past,
 And in the game of life my die is cast :
 Its joys have now no charms, its woes no sting,
 To move a soul already on the wing :
 Eager to reach those regions of the blest,
 Where injury ceases, and the weary rest.

AN EPISTLE to the AUTHOR, by Lieutenant
 CHARLES HENRY S. on his Departure to
 the EAST-INDIES.

YON tow'ring bark with swelling sails,
 Must bear me to the Eastern gales ;
 Alexis now, with grief attends,
 Alas ! he quits his much-lov'd friends.
 With pensive step he treads the strand,
 The guardian of fair Albion's land.
 To you, dear friend, with blessings crown'd,
 And pleasures endless in their round ;
 Whose parents tender, friends sincere,
 Mark with new joy, each circling year ;

How well should my weak pen display,
To paint my pangs this fatal day.

To Albion's fertile plains adieu !
Her rural scenes for ever new ;
Her hills, her vales, her cooling streams,
Which ever were my fav'rite themes :
From moss rob'd oaks, and friendly shades,
From artless swains and village maids ;
And from the friend of sense refin'd,
With talents great, and gen'rous mind ;
Deserving of an early fame,
And ev'ry Muse to hail her name.

To such, alas ! I bid adieu,
Britain, Alexis flies from you !
Stern fate compels to quit thy shore,
Perhaps to view thy cliffs no more ;
No more in peace to pass the day,
And join the dance or festive lay ;

No more to share the rapt'rous hour,
 Resign'd to Friendship's soothing pow'r.
 Oh! Hope in pity lead me thro'
 The scenes of future woe in view;
 Descend with soothing influence o'er
 My sultry march, or rocky shore:
 On downy pinions wing the toil,
 At leaving Britain's darling isle.
 Int'rest may urge, but Fame shall lead,
 For her alone, my veins shall bleed;
 Blest, if each spicy gale could bear
 The wish of Love, and Friendship there.

But anxious cares must cloud the scene,
 Too dark for Hope to intervene;
 Rememb'rance will my toils attend,
 And paint each lov'd, each anxious friend.
 Sad thought, Philosophy oh! say,
 Teach me to chace these pangs away;

Teach me to bear, or ease my mind,
 Of racks and tortures in their kind.
 Severer far than those that part
 The vital springs that move the heart ;
 Anguish 'till now, ne'er reign'd with pow'r,
 O'er me, or my sad thoughtful hour.
 But, say Ambition's slaves, oh ! say,
 Say can I quit you in my lay ?
 Sordid, unfeeling other's woe,
 Gold is the only God ye know :
 Deserve ye not my keenest pen,
 Ye sons of darkness, form'd like men ?
 For you I quit my native land,
 To tread a foreign hostile strand.
 Oh ! when amidst the burning day,
 Reclin'd with wearied limbs I lay ;
 Fatigu'd with war, or worse with thought
 Of sad experience dearly bought,
 And see each friend, ideal see,
 Detesting you, and pitying me ;

Shall I forbear to wish your name,
 Debas'd from ev'ry height of fame?
 No, scorn'd be those whose bliss depends
 On fordid deeds, and impious ends.
 Down, swelling heart, waste not this hour,
 Sacred to Friendship's heav'nly pow'r.

To you, my faithful friend, to you,
 Fain would the Muse devote your due.
 Oh may thy bosom ever find,
 The purest bliss of human kind:
 May guardian peace surround your dome,
 Nor adverse fortune urge from home;
 Each step of life, soft may it glide,
 And blessings teem on ev'ry side;
 So shall you never sorrow know,
 Nor want a friend, or meet a foe.
 But sail thro' life with gales serene,
 Nor squalls of ill shall intervene;
 But gentle as the evening breeze,
 All shall be love, content, and ease.

Desist, my Muse, and must I go?
 Break, swelling heart, the tear must flow:
 Alexis must obey, stern Fortune's call;
 Alexis must, must quit his all,
 His friends---the vessel sails, adieu!
 And Albion's snow-white cliffs, to you
 My gazing eyes shall rest on thee,
 'Till buried in thy neighbour sea:
 And landed on an Eastern shore,
 When my sad Muse can sing no more;
 To Britain's fair, for ever true,
 My sighs devoted as their due;
 And one sad sigh, my Country, be to you.

LINES address'd by an unknown Hand to the
 AUTHOR, on Reading her VERSES to Miss
 -----, and several other Pieces.

WHOE'ER thou art, dear Maid, whose lines impart,
 At once delight and wisdom to the heart;

Oh! deign to listen, while my pen reveals,
 The new-born transports which my bosom feels;
 While with surprise I thro' thy numbers trace,
 A charm more lasting than a lovely face;
 A mind adorn'd with each unfading grace.
 For in this shameless age amaz'd I see,
 The Roman Marcia live again in thee.
 Soho's destroying Priests * never taught,
 Precepts like those with which thy verse is fraught,
 Where genius, learning, dove-ey'd pity join,
 To prove thy faultless nature all divine.
 Oh! would each giddy, each mistaken fair,
 But cultivate her mind with half thy care,
 And follow Reason's laws, she then would see,
 Men ne'er would change, were women all like thee.
 With such a gem to fill our raptur'd arms,
 We'd spurn the meteor blaze of Fortune's charms;
 Ne'er should we through false Pleasure's mazes roam,
 Could we but find more solid bliss at home:

* Mrs. Cornely's, famous for conducting Masquerades, and other Meetings of Gallantry.

A faithful part'ner would each with engage,
 Check e'en the sure approach of hoary age,
 Blunt sorrow's keenest pang, our joys encrease,
 And but with life our heav'n-born raptures cease.

Come, all ye various wretches fate has made,
 Unite with me to bless this gen'rous maid ;
 Invoke heav'n's favour on this gen'ral friend,
 May it her heart from ev'ry pang defend ;
 And guard the breast where such rare virtues grow,
 Since pure the source from whence such feelings flow ;
 Bless her with health, and grant her mutual love,
 Anticipate below, her bliss above ;
 Let boundless fondness all her joys compleat,
 For sure to love, a heart like her's must beat :
 Beyond Misfortune's reach her dwelling be,
 From danger safe, and ev'ry sorrow free :
 And may all those who follow Virtue's laws,
 Meet with a pen like her's to plead their cause :

For sure the most obdurate heart must melt,
 At woes thus told, tho' such it never felt :
 Even fordid breasts must useless pity yield,
 For never pen did greater pow'r wield.

On you, dear Maid, may ev'ry blessing wait,
 May no dark moments hover o'er your fate ;
 May sacred Friendship pour its healing balm,
 And Love return'd, your doubting bosom calm.
 And may the happy youth, whoe'er he be,
 Admire and venerate thy mind like me ;
 Enamour'd gaze upon thy matchless worth,
 Whose bloom shall live, when Beauty fades in earth :
 With rapture clasp thee to his grateful heart,
 And never, never from such worth depart :
 Who wounds thy peace, may he to wilds be giv'n,
 Outcast of men, and mark of angry heav'n.

F I N I S.

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